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Philip Steele

By JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

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CHAPTER XV.

Philip's Last Assignment.

Philip, instead of following the doctor laid a detaining hand upon his arm.

"Wait!" he said.

Something in the seriousness of his manner drew a quick look of apprehension over the other's face.

"I want to talk with you," continued Philip. "Let us walk a little way down the trail."

The doctor eyed him suspiciously as they turned away from the cabin.

"See here, Phil Steele," he said, and there was a hard ring in his voice, "I've had all sorts of confidence in you, and I've told you more, perhaps, than I ought. I don't suppose you have a suspicion that you ought to break it?"

"No, it isn't that," replied Philip, laughing a little uneasily. "I'm glad you got away with Falkner, and so far as I am concerned no one will ever know what has happened. It's I who want to place a little confidence in you now. I am positively at my wits' end, and all over a situation which seems to place you and me in a class by ourselves—sort of brothers in trouble, you know," and he told McGill, briefly, of Isobel, and his search for her.

"I lost them between Lac Bain and Fort Churchill," he finished. "The two sledges separated, one continuing to Churchill, and the other turning to the South. I followed the Churchill sledge — and was wrong. When I came back the snow had covered the other trail."

The little professor stopped suddenly and squared himself directly in Philip's path.

"You don't say!" he gasped. There was a look of amazement on his face.

"What a little world this is, Phil," he added, smiling in a curious way. "What a wonderfully, wonderfully little world it is! It's only a playground, after all, and the funny part of it is that it is not even large enough to play a game of hide-and-seek in, successfully. I've proved that beyond question. And here—you—"

"What?" demanded Philip, puzzled by the other's attitude.

"Well, you see, I went first to Nelson House," said McGill, "and from there up to the Hudson Bay Company's post in the Cochrane River, hunting for Falkner and this girl—a man and a woman. And at the Cochrane Post a Frenchman told me that there was a strange man and woman up at Lac Bain, and I set off for there. That must have been just about the time you were starting for Churchill, for on the third day up I met a sledge that turned me off the Lac Bain trail to takeup the nearer trail to Chippewayan. With this sledge were the two had been at Lac Bain, Colonel Becker and his daughter."

For a moment Philip could not speak. He caught the other's hand excitedly.

"You—you found where they were going?" he asked, when McGill did not continue.

"Yes. We ate dinner together and the colonel said they were bound for Nelson House, and that they would probably go from there to Winnipeg. I didn't ask which way they would go."

"From Nelson House it would be by the Saskatchewan and Le Pas trail," cried Philip. He was looking straight over the little doctor's head. "If it wasn't for this damnable DeBar—whom I ought to go after again—"

"Drop DeBar," interrupted McGill quietly. "He's got too big a start of you anyway, so what's the use? Drop 'im. I dropped a whole lot of things when I came up here."

"But the law—"

"Damn the law!" exploded the doctor with unexpected vehemence. "Sometimes I think the world would be just as happy without it."

Their eyes met, sharp and understanding.

"You're a professor in a college," chuckled Philip, his voice trembling again with hope and eagerness. "You ought to know more than I do. What would you do if you were in my place?"

"I'd hustle for a pair of wings and fly," replied the little professor promptly. "Good Lord, Phil—if it was my wife—and I hadn't got her yet—I wouldn't let up until I'd chased her from one end of the earth to the other. What's a little matter of duty compared to that girl hustling toward Winnipeg. Next to my own little girl at home she's the prettiest thing I ever laid my eyes on."

Philip laughed aloud.

"Thanks, McGill. By Heaven, I'll go! When do you start?"

"The dogs are ready, and so is Mrs. William Falkner."

Philip turned about quickly.

"I'll go over and say bood-bye to the detachment, and get my pack," he said over his shoulder. "I'll be back inside of half an hour."

It was a slow trip down. The snow was beginning to soften in the warmth of the first spring suns by the time they arrived at Lac la Crosse. Two days before they reached the post at Montreal Lake, Philip began to feel the first discomfort of a strange sickness, of which he said nothing. But the sharp eyes of the doctor detected that something was wrong, and before they came to Montreal House he recognized the fever that had begun to burn in Philip's body.

"You've set too fast a pace," he told him. "It's that—and the blow you got when DeBar threw you against the rock. You'll have to lay up for a spell."

In spite of his protestations, the doctor compelled him to go to bed when they arrived at the post. He grew rapidly worse and for five weeks

CONTINUED ON PAGE THREE.

CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY

By THEODORE ROOSEVELT

In Cowboy Land

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WHEN I went among strangers I always had to spend 24 hours in living down the fact that I wore spectacles, remaining as long as I could judiciously deaf to any side remarks about "four eyes," unless it became evident that my being quiet was misconstrued and that it was better to bring matters to a head at once.

If, for instance, I was sent off to represent the Little Missouri brands on some neighboring round-up, such as the Yellowstone, I usually showed that kind of diplomacy which consists in not uttering one word that can be avoided. I would probably have a couple of days' solitary ride, mounted on one horse and driving eight or 10 others before me, one of them carrying my bedding. Loose horses drive best at a trot, or canter, and if a man is traveling alone in this fashion it is a good thing to have them reach the camp ground sufficiently late to make them desire to feed and sleep where they are until morning. In consequence I never spent more than two days on the journey from whatever the point was at which I left the Little Missouri, sleeping the one night for as limited a number of hours as possible.

With a Chuck-Wagon.

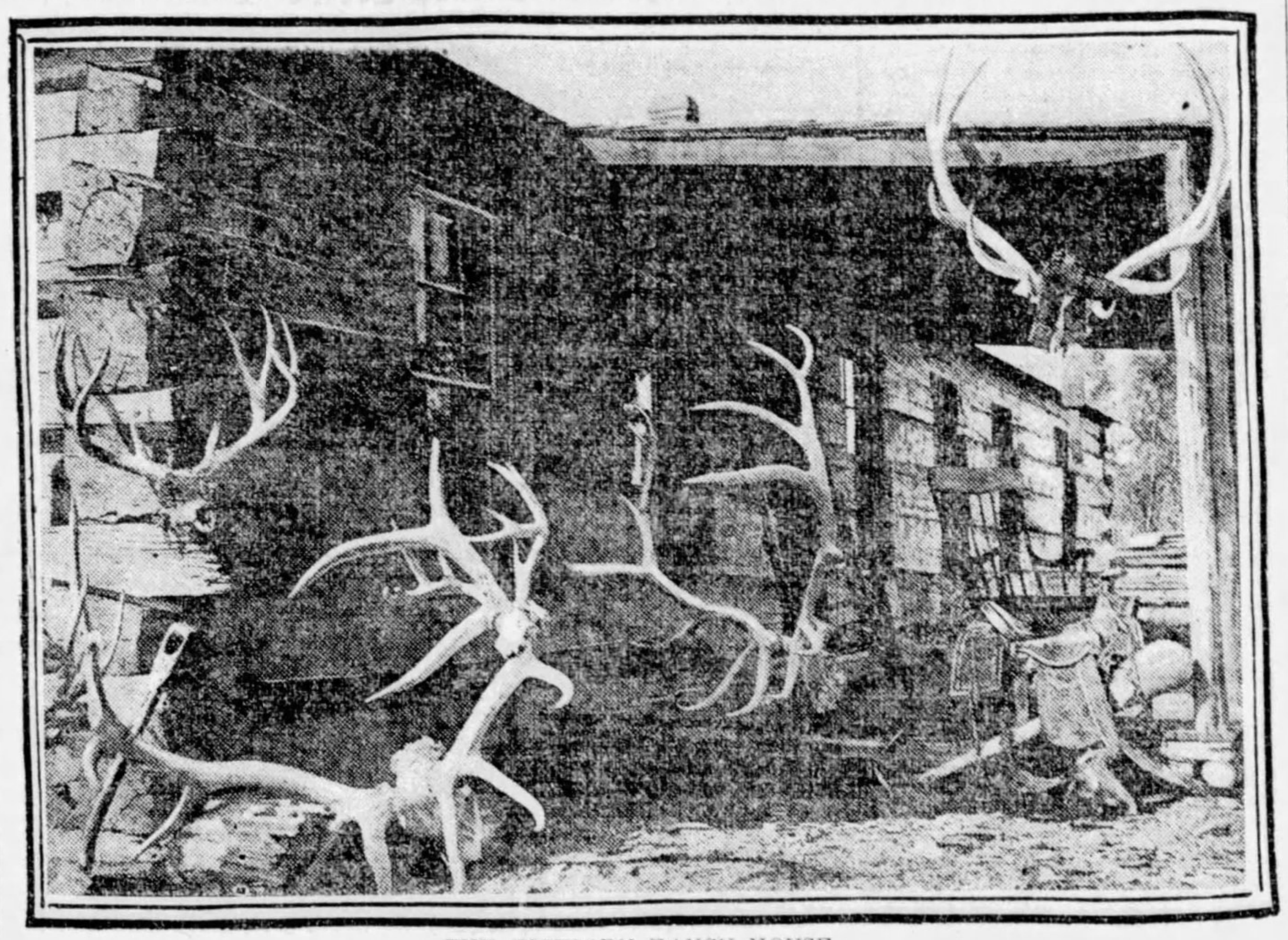
As soon as I reached the meeting place I would find out the wagon to which I was assigned. Riding to it, I turned my horses into the saddle-band and reported to the wagon boss, or, in his absence, to the cook—always a privileged character, who was allowed and expected to order men around. He would usually grumble savagely and profanely about my having been put with his wagon, but this was merely conventional on his part; and if I sat down and said nothing he would probably soon ask me if I wanted anything to eat, to which the correct answer was that I was not hungry and would wait until meal time. The bedding rolls of the riders would be strewn round the grass, and I would put mine down a little outside the ring, where I would not be in any one's way, with my six or eight branding irons beside it. The men would ride in, laughing and talking with one another, and perhaps nodding to me. One of their number, usually the wagon foreman, might put some question to me as to what brands I represented, but no other word would be addressed to me, nor would I be expected to volunteer any conversation. Supper would consist of bacon, Dutch oven bread, and possibly beef; once I won the good graces of my companions at the outset by appearing with two antelope which I had shot. After supper I would roll up in my bedding as soon as possible, and the others would follow suit at their pleasure.

At 3 in the morning or thereabouts, at a yell from the cook, all hands would turn hurriedly out. Dressing was a simple affair. Then each man rolled and corded his bedding—if he did not, the cook would leave it behind and he would go without any for the rest of the trip—and come to the fire. where he picked out a tin cup, tin plate, and knife and fork, helped himself to coffee and to whatever food there was, and ate it standing or squatting as best suited him. Dawn was probably breaking by this time, and the trampling of unshod hoofs showed that the night wrangle was bringing in the pony herd. Two of the men would then run ropes from the wagon at right angles to one another, and into this as a corral the horses would be driven. Each man might rope one of his own horses, or more often point it out to the most skillful roper of the outfit, who would rope it for him—for if the man was an unskillful roper and roped the wrong horse or roped the horse in the wrong place there was a chance of the whole herd stampeding. Each man then saddled and bridled his horse. This was usually followed by some resolute bucking on the part of two or three of the horses, especially in the early days of each round-up. The bucking was always a source of amusement to all the men whose horses did not buck, and these fortunate ones would gather round giving ironical advice, and especially adjuring the rider not to "go to leather"—that is, not to steady himself in the saddle by catching hold of the saddle horn.

The Long Circle.

As soon as the men had mounted, the whole outfit started on the long circle, the morning circle. Usually the ranch foreman who bossed a given wagon was put in charge of the men of one group by the round-up foreman; he might keep his men together until they had gone some 10 or 15 miles from camp, and then drop them in couples at different points. Each couple made its way toward the wagon, gathering all the cattle it could find. The morning's ride might last six or eight hours, and it was still longer before some of the men got in. Singly and in twos and threes they appeared from every quarter of the horizon, the dust rising from the hoofs of the steers and bulls, the cows and calves, they had collected. Two or three of the men were left to take care of the herd while the others changed horses, ate a hasty dinner, and then came out to the afternoon work. This consisted of each man in succession being sent into the herd, usually with a companion, to cut out the cows of his brand or brands which were followed by unbranded calves, and also to cut out any mavericks or unbranded yearlings. We worked each animal gently out to the edge of the herd, and then with a sudden dash took it off at a run. It was always desperately anxious to break back and rejoin the herd. There was much breakneck galloping and twisting and turning before its desire was thwarted and it was driven to join the rest of the cut—that is, the other animals which had been cut out, and which were being held by one or two other men. Cattle hate being alone, and it was no easy matter to hold the first one or two that were cut out; but soon they got a little herd of their own, and then they were contented. When

Where Roosevelt Was a Cowboy



THE ELKHORN RANCH HOUSE.

the cutting out had all been done, the calves were branded, and all misadventures of the "calf wrestlers," the men who seized, threw and held each calf when roped by the mounted roper, were hailed with yelling laughter. Then the animals which for one reason or another it was desired to drive along with the round-up were put into one herd and left in charge of a couple of night guards, and the rest of us would loaf back to the wagon for supper and bed.

With the Night Herd.

By this time I would have been accepted as one of the rest of the outfit, and all strangeness would have passed off, the attitude of my fellow cow-punchers being one of friendly forgiveness even toward my spectacles. Night guards for the cattle herd were then assigned by the captain of the wagon, or perhaps by the round-up foreman, according to the needs of the case, the guards standing for two hours at a time from 8 in the evening till 4 in the morning. The first and last watches were preferable, because sleep was not broken as in both of the other two. If things went well, the cattle would soon bed down and nothing further would occur until morning, when there was a repetition of the work, the wagon moving each day eight or ten miles to some appointed camping place.

Each man would picket his night horse near the wagon, usually choosing the quietest animal in his string for that purpose, because to saddle and mount a "mean" horse at night is not pleasant. When utterly tired, it was hard to have to get up for one's trick at night herd. Nevertheless, on ordinary nights the two hours round the cattle in the still darkness were pleasant. The loneliness, under the vast empty sky, and the silence, in which the breathing of the cattle sounded loud, and the alert readiness to meet any emergency which might suddenly arise out of the formless night, all combined to give one a sense of subdued interest. Then, one soon got to know the cattle of marked individuality, the ones that led the others into mischief; and one also grew to recognize the traits they all possessed in common, and the impulses which, for instance, made a whole herd get up towards midnight, each beast turning round and then lying down again. But by the end of the watch each rider had studied the cattle until it grew monotonous, and heartily welcomed his relief guard. A newcomer, of course, had any amount to learn, and sometimes the simplest things were those which brought him to grief.

On night early in my career I failed satisfactorily to identify the direction in which I was to go in order to reach the night herd. It was a pitch-dark night. I managed to get started wrong and I never found either the herd or the wagon again until sunrise, when I was greeted with withering scorn by the injured cow-puncher, who had been obliged to stand double guard because I failed to relieve him.

There were other misadventures that I met with where the excuse was greater. The punchers on night guard usually rode round the cattle in reverse directions; calling and singing to them if the beasts seemed restless, to keep them quiet. On rare occasions something happened that made the cattle stampede, and then the duty of the riders was to keep with them as long as possible and try gradually to get control of them.

A Stampede.

One night there was a heavy storm, and all of us who were at the wagons were obliged to turn out hastily to help the night herders. After a while there was a terrific peal of thunder, the lightning struck right by the herd, and away all the beasts went, heads and horns and tails in the air. For a minute or two I could make out nothing except the dark forms of the beasts running on every side of me, and I should have been very sorry if my horse had stumbled, for those behind would have trodden me down. Then the herd split, part going to one side, while the other part seemingly kept straight ahead, and I galloped as hard as ever beside them. I was trying to reach the point—the leading animals—in order to turn them, when suddenly there was a tremendous splashing in front. I could dimly make out that the cattle immediately ahead and to one side of me were disappearing, and the next moment the horse and I went off a cut bank into the Little Missouri. I bent away back in the saddle, and though the horse almost went down he just recovered himself, and plunging and struggling through water and quicksand, we made the other side. Here I discovered that there was another cowboy with the same part of the herd that I was with; but almost immediately we separated. I galloped hard through a bottom covered with big cottonwood trees, and stopped the part of the herd that I was with, but almost immediately they broke on me again, and repeated this twice. Finally toward morning the few I hal left came to a halt.

It had been raining hard for some time. I got off my horse and leaned against a tree, but before long the infernal cattle started on again, and I had to ride after them. Dawn came soon after this and I was able to make out where I was and head the cattle back, collecting other little bunches as I went. After a while I came on a cowboy on foot carrying his saddle on his head. He was my companion of the previous night. His horse had gone full speed into a tree and killed itself, the man, however, not being hurt. I could not help him, as I had all I could do to handle the cattle. When I got them to the wagon, most of the other men had already come in and the riders were just starting on the long circle. One of the men changed my horse for me while I ate a hasty breakfast, and then we were off for the day's work.

Forty Hours in the Saddle.

As only about half of the night herd had been brought back, the circle riding was particularly heavy, and it was 10 hours before we were back at the wagon. We then changed horses again and worked the whole herd until after sunset, finishing just as it grew too dark to do anything more. By this time I had been nearly 40 hours in the saddle, changing horses five times, and my clothes had thoroughly dried on me, and I fell asleep as soon as I touched the bedding. Fortunately some men who had gotten in late in the morning had had their sleep during the daytime, so that the rest of us escaped night guard and were not called until 4 next morning. Nobody ever gets enough sleep on a round-up.

The above was the longest time for consecutive hours I ever had to be in the saddle. But, as I have said, I changed horses five times, and it is a great lightening of labor for a rider to have a fresh horse. Once when with Sylvane Ferris I spent about 16 hours on one horse, riding 70 or 80 miles. The round-up had reached a place called the ox-bow of the Little Missouri, and we had to ride there, do some work around the cattle, and ride back.

A Moonlight Canter.

Another time I was 24 hours on horseback in company with Merrifield without changing horses. On this occasion we did not travel fast. We had been coming back with the wagon from a hunting trip in the Big Horn mountain. The team was fagged out, and we were tired of walking at a snail's pace beside it. When we reached country that the driver thoroughly knew, we thought it safe to leave him, and we loped in one night across a distance which it took the wagon the three following days to cover. It was a beautiful moonlight night, and the ride was delightful. All day long we had plodded at a walk, weary and hot. At supper time we had rested two or three hours, and the tough little riding horses seemed as fresh as ever. It was in September. As we rode out of the circle of the firelight the air was cool in our faces. Under the bright moonlight, and then under the starlight, we loped and cantered mile after mile over the high prairie. We passed bands of antelope and herds of long-horn Texas cattle, and at last, just as the first red beams of the sun flamed over the bluffs in front of us, we rode down into the valley of the Little Missouri, where our ranch house stood.

Good Horses and Bad.

I never became a good roper, nor more than an average rider, according to ranch standards. Of course a man on a ranch has to ride a good many bad horses, and is bound to encounter a certain number of accidents, and of these I had my share, at one time cracking a rib, and on another occasion the point of my shoulder. We were hundreds of miles from a doctor, and each time, as I was on the round-up, I had to get through my work for the next few weeks as best I could, until the injury healed of itself. When I had the opportunity I broke my own horses, doing it gently and gradually and spending much time over it, and choosing the horses that seemed gentle to begin with. With these horses I never had any difficulty. But frequently there was neither time nor opportunity to handle our mounts so elaborately. We might get a band of horses, each having been bridled and saddled two or three times, but none of them having been broken beyond the extent implied in this bridling and saddling. Then each of us in succession would choose a horse (for his string), I as owner of the ranch being given the first choice on each round, so to speak. The first time I was ever on a round-up Sylvane Ferris, Merrifield, Myer and I each chose his string in this fashion. Three or four of the animals I got were not easy to ride. The effort both to ride them and to look as if I enjoyed doing so, on some cool morning when my grinning cowboy friends had gathered round "to see whether the high-headed bay could buck the boss off," doubtless was of benefit to me, but lacked much of being enjoyable. The time I smashed my rib I was bucked off on a stone. The time I hurt the point of my shoulder I was riding a big, sulky horse named Ben Butler, which went over backwards with me. When we got up it still refused to go anywhere; so, while I sat it, Sylvane Ferris and George Myer got their ropes on its neck and dragged it a few hundred yards, choking but stubborn, all four feet firmly planted and plowing the ground. When they released the ropes it lay down and wouldn't get up. The round-up had started; so Sylvane gave me his horse, Baldy, which sometimes bucked but never went over backwards, and he got on the now rearisen Ben Butler. To my discomfiture Ben started quietly beside us, while Sylvane remarked, "Why, there's nothing the matter with this horse; he's a plumb gentle horse." Then Ben fell slightly behind and I heard Sylvane again, "That's all right! Come along! Here, you! Go on, you! Hi, hi, fellows, help he out! He's lying on me!" Sure enough, he was; and when we dragged Sylvane from under him the first thing the rescued Sylvane did was to execute a war dance, spurs and all, on the iniquitous Ben. We could do nothing with him that day; subsequently we got him so that we could ride him; but he never became a nice saddle horse.

Fancy Ropers and Hard Workers.

As with all other forms of work, so on the round-up, a man of ordinary power, who nevertheless does not shirk things merely because they are disagreeable or irksome, soon earns his place. There were crack riders and ropers who, just because they felt such overweening pride in their own prowess, were not really very valuable men. Continually on the circles a cow or a calf would get into some thick patch of bullberry bush and refuse to come out; or when it was getting late we would pass some bad lands that would probably not contain cattle, but might; or a steer would turn fighting mad, or a calf grow tired and want to lie down. If in such a case the man steadily persists in doing the unattractive thing, and after two hours of exasperation and harassment does finally get the cow out, and keep her out, of the bulberry bushes, and drives her to the wagon, or finds some animals that have been passed by in the fourth or fifth patch of bad lands he hunts through, or gets the calf up on his saddle and takes it in anyhow, the foreman soon grows to treat him as having his uses and as being an asset of worth in the round-up, even though neither a fancy roper nor a fancy rider.

When at the Progressive convention last August, I met George Myer for the first time in many years, and he recalled to me an incident on one round-up where we happened to be thrown together while driving some cows and calves to camp. When the camp was only just across the river, two of the calves positively refused to go any further. He took one of them in his arms, and after some hazardous maneuvering managed to get on his horse, in spite of the objetcions of the latter, and rode into the river. My calf was too big for such treatment, so in despair I roped it, intending to drag it over. However, as soon as I roped it, the calf started bouncing and bleating, and, owing to some lack of dexterity on my part, suddenly swung round the rear of the horse, bringing the rope under his tail. Down went the tail tight, and the horse "went into figures," as the cow-puncher phrase of that day was. There was a cut bank about four feet high on the hither side of the river, and over this the horse bucked. We went into the water with a plash. With a "pluck" the calf followed, described a parabola in the air, and landed beside us. Fortunately, this took the rope out from under the horse's tail, but left him thoroughly frightened. He could not do much bucking in the stream, for there were one or two places where we had to swim, and the shallows were either sandy or muddy; but across we went, at speed, and the calf made a wake like Pharaoh's army in the Red Sea.

Fighting Fire.

On several occasions we had to fight fire. In the geography books of my youth prairie fires were always portrayed as taking place in long grass, and all living things ran before them. On the Northern cattle plains the grass was never long enough to be a source of danger, to man or beast. The fires were nothing like the forest fires in the Northern woods. But they destroyed large quantities of feed, and we had to stop them where possible. The process we usually followed was to kill a steer, split it in two lengthwise, and then have two riders drag each half-steer, the rope of one running from his saddle horn to the front leg, and that of the other to the hind leg. One of the men would spur his horse over or through the line of fire, and the two would then ride forward, dragging the steer bloody side downward along the line of flame, men following on foot with slickers or wet horse blankets to beat out any flickering blaze that was still left. It was exciting work, for the fire and the twitching and plucking of the ox carcass over the uneven ground maddened the fierce little horses so that it was necessary to do some riding in order to keep them to their work. After a while it also became very exhausting, the thirst and fatigue being great, as, with parched lips and blackened from head to foot, we toiled at our task.

THE HEAVIEST CANNONADE

American Magazine.

THE great hour of Gettysburg is at hand—the hour of the evening sacrifice. The cannoneers on Seminary Ridge are grouped behind a hundred massed guns, facing another hundred on Cemetery Ridge, a mile distant. Pickett, his long black hair falling about his shoulders, rides up to Lee and reports that his division is ready. Longstreet also is there, moody and silent, but inwardly rebellious.

"An order from Alexander, chief of artillery, sends the cannoneers to their posts behind the cruel engines of death. Two puffs of smoke and flame shoot out from the Washington Artillery, and the work of hell begins with solid shot and shell on both sides. For two long hours, the overture continues in a deafening roar—'the heaviest cannonading ever heard on the American continent.'

"The fire of neither side does any serious harm to the sheltered infantry, but the shells scatter death and destruction among the batteries, where the sound of exploding caissons alone drowns the pitiful neighing of wounded horses. At 'the Bloody Angle' where Pickett's blow is to fall heaviest, here is what is happening:

"Lieutenant Cushing, of Battery A, Fourth U. S. Artillery, challenged the admiration of all who saw him. Three of his limbers were changed with the caisson limbers under fire. Several wheels were shot off his guns and replaced, till at last—severely wounded himself, his officers all killed or wounded, and with but cannoneers enough to man a section—he pushed his gun to the fence, and was killed while serving his last canister into the ranks of the approaching enemy."

CHAPTER XVIII.

A Mystery Is Solved.

The night overhead and around was covered in with a black velvety darkness, unflecked by gleam of moon or glimmer of star; but the top of every wavelet of the lagoon was tipped with pale phosphorescent light, and every oar stroke stirred up a boil of pallid flame.

Mr. McTodd lighted his pipe and hospitably offered a cake of black tobacco and an open clasp knife to his superior officer. "Cut yourself a fill," he suggested. "We're illuminated like a shop window in Sauciehall street, and tobacco glow will be lost in the general magnificence."

"I thank you," said Captain Kettle civilly; "but I've had to drop my pipe for professional reasons. But you're quite right about the light. The lagoon's flaring round us like a village fair, and if any one's awake on this side of Africa, and looking out, we're here to be seen. So I'll just follow your example, and set fire to a cigar."

"I wish I'd a boiler-plate overcoat like my ancestor, the Crusader, used to wear. The Moors'll be sniping at us presently, when we draw within range of their gas-pipes."

"Moors or Berbers. That head-man we've got on board, who says he's been to an English college, wants me to believe that the majority of the tribes round here are Berbers, and they're as harmless as the teachers in a Quaker Sunday school. The only bad men in this section are Moors, according to Bergash."

"Ye needna' explain further. It's always been clear since the creature first stepped up over the side that ye didna like him. Miss Dubbs and I rather fancy him oursel's."

Captain Kettle had a violent comment on the tip of his tongue, but with an effort bit it short and pulled hard at his cigar.

"Vara humorous," said McTodd with a chuckle.

"What's that?" snapped his superior.

"I was just sniggering at ma' thoughts an' the beauty of the night."

"And at what else?"

"Man, I'm no' the pairson to abuse the confidence of a leddy. As a man of the nicest vairtue yoursel', ye couldna expect it of me. Now could you?"

Captain Kettle tugged at his cigar, and stared at the lighted boat compass, and then stared out at the night.

"Weel, man, I'm fair surprised at you."

"On account of what?"

"To lairn that you've a wish—though you'll no' express in worrds—that I should repeat to you what the lassie said."

"You'll find yourself over in the ditch among the fishes if you don't change your tune."

"If I'd been a financier," chuckled the Scot, "I dare have bet saxpence ye'd have threatened violence like that, or pairpetrated it. Man, Kettle, bend your lug so the hands cannae hear. Ye may pluck up your courage. The leddy's conversation is the damnedest dull talk I ever had poured into ma' confidence. It's all about yourself, and—gosh! man—to starboard and over the quarter. What's yon?"

It was a bonfire, that suddenly lighted and spouted up into the sky, and was as suddenly eclipsed by the blackness of the night.

"A flare," said Kettle, "and as they haven't mineral oil down here that I know of, I should say it was somebody firing two handfuls of gunpowder. Well, it means that one nigger, at any rate, is awake and thinking of us, and that's better than being dead and forgotten. Eyes in the boat, men, and attend to your rowing. Mr. McTodd and I are quite capable of looking after our own personal conveniences without your unskilled assistance. And, by James! there's an answering flare away up on the mountain."

"Gosh! it looks as if they're rousing the clans to do us honor. Aweel, I've no immediate use for your rifles. Hard work with those rattle-traps of engines has left my hand no' over steady. But I've brought along a three-quarter inch spanner, and if you'll bring the boat up to close quarters, I'll show you how it is used by an expert. Have ye matches? This talking's put my pipe out."

The gig crawled on steadily through the night, stirring lambent flames; and twice more did flares of gunpowder among the foot hills of the Atlas call notice to the fact that Africa was awake. Captain Kettle steered by compass alone, and (as the current was running strongly) had to make a cast back before he found the Norman Towers; and even then, so black was the night that the noise of his oars scraping along her plates was the first advertisement he had of her nearness.

"Row steady, men," he ordered, and coasted down her length, and then swung the boat under her counter, and brought up against the ladder which hung down her farther side. The heavy teak ladder had rungs broken, and the davit to which it hung was bent outboard.

"You will stay here," he ordered, "ready to push off when I come back;" and with that he stepped out on the grating and ran lightly up the steps, and disappeared into the black silence of the night.

Presently his voice called down in a ghostly whisper from the rail above: "Mr. McTodd, tell the men to pass the boat slowly round to the starboard side. Mind, they're to work her along inch by inch, so as not to stir the phosphorescence, and I will drop them a rope's end overboard to ride to, just level with the break of the bridge deck. D'ye hear me?"

"Aye, aye."

"And do you come up on top here yourself, and bring that spanner you're so proud of."

Mr. McTodd's gait was ungainly, but his oil-soaked slippers made no sound. Also, being a shipman, he knew which way to turn and what to avoid.

"Weed," he said when he joined his commander, "it's a fine night, and I forget when I enjoyed an evening's prospects more thoroughly. But when's the entertainment to commence?"

"Hold your tongue, Mac, and listen. Listen hard."

Mr. McTodd removed his pipe, opened his mouth, and cocked an attentive ear.

"Well, what do you make out?"

"I hear a small slap-slapping of wavelets upon the old girl's skin, and a bit of a sough of the wind, and you're breathing although I reckon you're trying to keep it quiet; and I think there's a yap of a dog—though maybe it's a jackal—somewhere among those mountains in the far distance."

"But where are the Moors who should be waiting around the corner to jump out and cut our throats?"

"I can only hear what I telled ye."

"I can make out no more myself. If there were men here in quantity we ought to hear them breathing, or rustling, or coughing. Mac, I believe they've played a game on us. We came here (both of us, I suppose) ready for battle, murder, and sudden death, and it's my idea the ship's deserted."

"But we'll go-look-see before I O. K. that," said the cautious Scot.

"And we'll go together, and stand by ready for trouble. But it's my

CONTINUED ON PAGE TWO

Abe Martin

Th' saxis abyssiniensis, or Abyssinian willow, which Mrs. Tipton Bud bought last fall is now one o' the' most promisin' wild cherry trees t' be found in this section.

THE SAFFRON INDUSTRY

THE Spanish saffron plant is an important article of commerce. It belongs to the same family as the common crocus of the United States. The name comes from the Persian "Zafaran," to which the Arabians added the prefix "al," which was adopted in the Eighth century by the Spanish as "Alzafaran," and this has since been modified into Azafran. The saffron plant, says an American consular report from Malaga, is bulbous and iridaceous, having blue flowers with large yellow stigmas. These stigmas, with part of the style, are dried or toasted by fire in a kind of sieve, and the pungent aromatic result is the saffron of commerce. It is used in large quantities in some countries in cookery, and in all to more or less extent for coloring confectionery, wines, liquors, cheeses, varnishes, etc., though its former wide employment in medicine and as a dye has much decreased in recent years. Its main constituents chemically are a volatile oil, water, wax, cellulose, malic acid, oxide of iron, pigment and certain gummy and albuminous substances, of which the volatile oil appears to be the most active agent.

Saffron is classified and graded by its color and odor, by the length and thickness of its pistils, and by its country of origin. It is cultivated at present in Egypt, Arabia, Italy and in the French departments of the Sarne, Marne, Yonne, Loire and Nievre, though nowhere on as great a scale or of as fine a quality as in Spain. The part of Spain where it is principally grown is comprised within a triangle drawn between the towns of Tarragona Segovia and Cartagena, or roughly, on the middle third of the Mediterranean coast inward in converging lines to a point a little to the northwest of Madrid. The color sought is a brilliant, intense, dark red, the odor pungent, though suave and sweet, and the pistils long and thick. It is graded in this country according to color as "select," "superior," "good," and "ordinary," and according to odor as "pure," "aromatic," "excellent," "good," and "ordinary."

Saffron flowers are white on first opening, but later turn to their characteristic violet color. The flowers unfold during the night and as the sun withers them the following day the gathering is hurried, it must be accomplished between dawn and 10 o'clock in the morning. The flowers are then spread on mats to dry partially before proceeding, the same night, to separate the stigmas from the flowers.

The flowers after the stigmas have been removed, have no value or application whatever, even as fertilizer, and as they give off a sickening smell are usually spread out on the ground in the sun to dry rather than rot. Immediately after the separation of the pistils there ensues the most delicate operation in their treatment, that is the curing or toasting. This is done over a low fire, the saffron being held over it in sieves in which it is spread to the depth of not exceeding about one inch. If the fire is too hot the saffron turns blackish or dark blue and loses a great part of its weight, while if not hot enough it comes out soft, badly cured, and of inferior commercial value. During the toasting process the characteristic yellow color of the uncured pistils turns to a deep red. After toasting, the product is stored in a dry place. Saffron after toasting weighs about one-fifth as much as in its original uncured state, and it is calculated that on an average each acre of land produces 50 to 55 pounds of uncured saffron, equal to 10 or 11 pounds of the final product. Seventy-seven pounds of flowers are required to obtain one pound of cured saffron ready for market.

The Marriage of Captain Kettle

(Continued from First Page.)

idea we shall find none."

"Aye," said McTodd, reading his thoughts, "it'll look ugly if they've left her. Weel, we may as well begin where there'll be the worst smell, and that's forrard."

Section by section they searched the Norman Towers. They went through both firemen's and seamen's forecastle, and found no living soul. Hatches were off, and they peered into the gloom of holds, and into the gassy corners of bunkers. They clattered down the rusted engine-room ladder, and hunted through shaft-tunnel, pump alley, boiler room, and more bunkers.

McTodd climbed aloft and investigated dusty corners behind the donkey boiler. They went through mess room, galley, pantries, staterooms; they hunted through more holds. They searched the chart house, and (as a last afterthought) the paint store. And nowhere did they find a single Moor or Berber alive or dead.

"This is a beggar," said Mr. McTodd.

"One can understand that they would go over every bit of her even more carefully than we have done, and loot right and left. But the astonishing thing to me is: first, the amount of dirt they have brought on board; and second, why they should have left it practically all in one track. The decks below were comparatively clean, and they don't seem to have been paddling about particularly in the cabins, for instance, or the engine room. But from the port gangway over yonder there are two lines of mud and stone splinters going forward and aft, and then going thwartships as soon as there's a chance, and then promenading all the length of the port side."

McTodd scraped a match, stooped down, and stirred the deposit with his finger. "There's too much here for them to have brought abroad stuck between their toes or smeared on their sandals. There's enough depth of mud on these decks, Skipper, to grow oats, and it looks good, dark, chocolate colored, fertile soil, too, if one raked out some of the splinters of stone."

"That rock they were quarrying from, and which we can't see in this darkness, is chocolate colored, too. Can you see the loom of the shore line, Mac? How far do you make it away from the ship's side?"

"I should say a kherb's length."

"That's exactly my idea. The shore here is steep-to, and she lies in deep water close to it."

"She's as still as if she was docked."

"She is in a dock, I do believe. I've an idea they've lifted that stone, lump by lump, upon their shoulders, carried it down the beach, towed in a big kherb to act as floating gangway, carried it along that and up the side—and that's how that big teak ladder got broken, by a rock falling on it. Then they've shouldered it over the decks here, dropping bits by the way; and then they've pitched it over the port side into the lagoon. There were hundreds of them, and there were thousands upon thousands of tons of the stone. They were quarrying it during all the days, and under cover of the night they were tipping it over the Tower's port rail, and ble from the lagoon floor to pen her in. By James, Mac, I was boasting to Sir George not many hours back that I would pull the old boat out of here in spite of all the Berbers in Africa, and I've never yet broken my word. Man and boy, I've done a good many things to be ashamed of, but telling lies is not one of them, and it looks as if here I've made a commencement."

"Man, I'm vara afraid you're right. What's that you're doing?"

"Stripping, I'm going overboard to make sure."

"Hold you," said the Scot. "I'm the better diver of the two, as we've proved already, and those ducks ashore are still signaling to one another with gunpowder flar in the cal Morse code. If there's trouble, the hands in the boat will take advice better from you than me."

Owen Kettle, master of the s.s. Wangaroo, was the last man on earth to take what practically amounted to an order from one of his own underlings and I merely record this one instance in which he let Mr. McTodd have his own way to show how badly he was hit by the dismaying discovery he had just made.

He had boasted—yes, it amounted to that, bragged (as he told himself bitterly) that he could do a certain thing and behold it had become impossible. He had been confident in the skill and strength of his own right arm, in the breadth of his resourcefulness, in the force of his own brazen courage, and behold a set of cunning savages had made the feat he had promised to perform a physical impossibility.

Savages? Yes, but from the very start he had always held to a suspicion that there was a white man at the back of this active hive directing them. White man? Why not that dog of an infidel, Sidi Mahommed Bergash?

Captain Kettle had come to believe in his own instincts, and openly and frankly he had mistrusted this Moor or Berber, or whatever he was, with the English education, ever since he had seen him for the first time ride up along the beach, and sit on a horse that straddled out its legs as though it were standing to be photographed in a show ring.

He slid down a rope into the boat and waited for Mr. McTodd. That expert reappeared on the surface from time to time, took in air supplies, kicked up his heels, and disappeared to make further explorations.

Finally he swam with a vigorous side stroke back to the boat, jerked himself up to her stern, and stepped inboard.

"Ye may get back home, captain," said he, "reaching for his clothes, "as fast as ye like. The survey of the sea floor's clearly mapped in my head. And I may say the contours are—well, are as ye surmised—or worrse. Gosh, and they say in the school books that I was brought up on in Ballindrochater that it's to ants we're to look up to as the most industrious animals on the face of the globe. Well, after tonight's experience, I shall have to write a postscript. It's prodigious the work these pagans must have put in. How's the tide?"

"An hour past flood."

"Weel, there's a bank of stone rubble down there wide enough to carry a railroad. It's a matter of 12 feet down below the water surface now, and I should say is just nicely covered at the bottom of the ebb. But it runs up to the rock ahead, and to the shoal water astern, and I guess friend Bergash and his clansmen have got the Norman Towers fixed here as firmly as if they'd got her bolted down into the bed plate of Africa and lock nutted through to China below."

To Be Continued.

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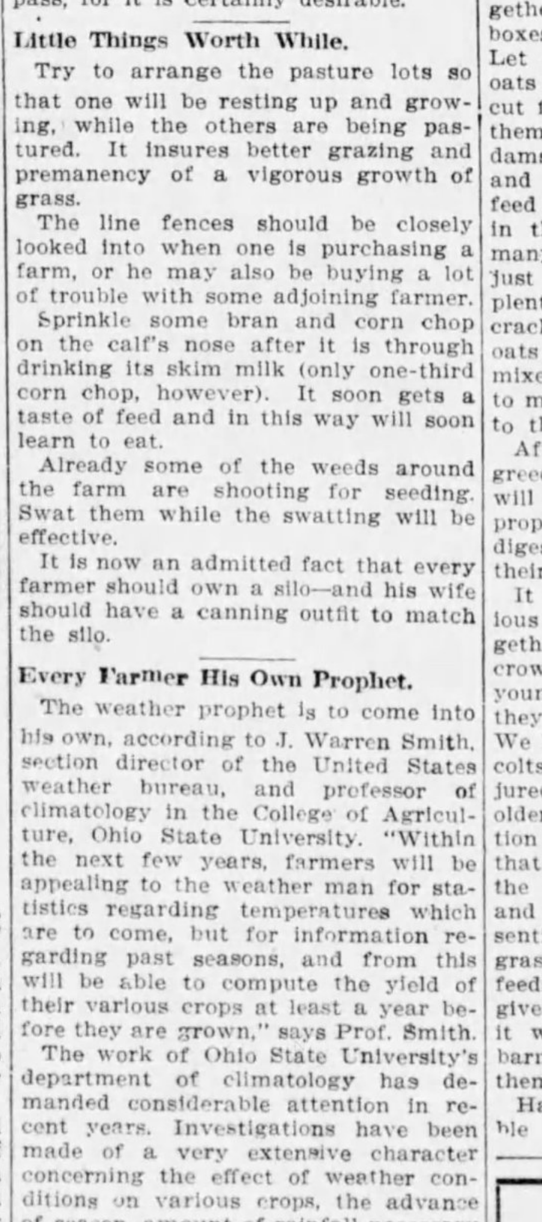

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THE FARMSTEAD

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

The following questions are submitted to readers for answers. We do this in the hope of getting results of actual and successful experiments, which will be the most valuable answers.

Will some reader of the Farmstead inform me how to get rid of the little red ants that infest the pantry and other places where they are not wanted?—P., Hubzbardston, Mich.

My colt, one month and a half old, "pitches" in his knees. It was foaled that way. It improved some for the first week, but its legs are crooked forward still. Is there anybody who can tell me what to do for it?—M., Apison, Tenn.

Naming the Farm.

The legislature of Indiana has taken a step in advance of the legislatures of neighboring states, and has passed a law whereby a farm may be named and the name recorded at the county recorder's office.

This law was passed by the last general assembly of Indiana and provides that any owner of a farm in the state may have the name of his farm, together with a description of his lands, to which the name applies, recorded in a register kept for that purpose in the office of the county recorder in the county in which the farm is located. The county recorder must furnish the land owner a certificate, that when any name has been recorded as the name of any farm in such county no other farm in the same county can take the same name.

In order to have such a name recorded the owner of the farm must pay a fee to the county recorder of $1, which shall cover the cost of recording the name and description of the farm and the issuance of the certificate to the owner.

When the owner of a farm the name of which has been recorded transfers by deed or otherwise the whole of his farm, such transfer shall include the registered name, but if the owner transfers any portion of his farm, the registered name shall not be transferred unless so stated in the conveyance. When the owner of a registered name desires to cancel a registered name, he must state on the margin of the record of the register the following: "This name is canceled, and I hereby release all rights hereunto," which must be signed by the person canceling the name and attested by the county recorder. A fee of 20 cents will be charged for canceling a registered name.

Undoubtedly it is an advantage to a farmer to have his place named and the name recorded and protected. It gives him a distinct identity, which should be useful in a business way as well as personal satisfaction. In every county a few farmers have availed themselves of this law and recorded the names of their farms, but as yet many farmers are not familiar with the provision of the law.

It will be a long time before every farm in any one county is named and recorded, but there is no reason why such a situation should not come to pass, for it is certainly desirable.

Little Things Worth While.

Try to arrange the pasture lots so that one will be resting up and growing, while the others are being pastured. It insures better grazing and premanency of a vigorous growth of grass.

The line fences should be closely looked into when one is purchasing a farm, or he may also be buying a lot of trouble with some adjoining farmer.

Sprinkle some bran and corn chop on the calf's nose after it is through drinking its skim milk (only one-third corn chop, however). It soon gets a taste of feed and in this way will soon learn to eat.

Already some of the weeds around the farm are shooting for seeding. Swat them while the swatting will be effective.

It is now an admitted fact that every farmer should own a silo—and his wife should have a canning outfit to match the silo.

Every Farmer His Own Prophet.

The weather prophet is to come into his own, according to J. Warren Smith, section director of the United States weather bureau, and professor of climatology in the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University. "Within the next few years, farmers will be appealing to the weather man for statistics regarding temperatures which are to come, but for information regarding past seasons, and from this will be able to compute the yield of their various crops at least a year before they are grown," says Prof. Smith.

The work of Ohio State University's department of climatology has demanded considerable attention in recent years. Investigations have been made of a very extensive character concerning the effect of weather conditions on various crops, the advance of season, amount of rainfall necessary at various stages of the plant growth, and numerous other agricultural subjects. Prof. Smith has for 10 years been personally conducting research work into the growing of corn under various weather conditions.

"I believe that the yield of the corn crop can be foretold several months before it is matured," claims the weather man. "By studying the effect of similar weather conditions in years past, and learning just how far nature is aiding in the work of developing the crop, one can then compute what will be necessary to bring it to its highest condition at maturity. In like manner, the size of an orchard crop can be computed as early as in June."

Prof. Smith is now interested in an effort to have the weather bureau division sanction the appointment of a sub-division for the study of what he calls "agricultural climatology." Russia has had a department in operation for 15 years, and its work has proven very reliable. France is taking initial steps towards the perfection of its department for such work, and other European countries are showing interest in the movement.

"The practical value of climatological study can readily be seen," he argues, "by knowing how bountiful nature is going to be in her treatment of his crops, the farmer will be ready to handle either a large crop, or, if the crop is to be a failure, can promptly prepare his land for the growing of a substitute crop and thus save money. It is merely an economic, progressive step that civilization will appreciate the importance of within a very few years."

Home-Mixing Fertilizers.

In August, 1911, an agricultural extension school was held at Thornville, O. Lectures on soil fertility and the value of home-mixing of fertilizers were given, together with demonstrations of how this work should be done. The aftermath of these lectures is reported in a letter recently received by Professor F. E. Bear, of the College of Agriculture, Ohio State University, from a man at Thornville, who sells fertilizing materials. After the school, in the fall of 1911, he sold 30 tons of material for home mixing and last fall he sold 165 tons, this increase indicating the attention the farmers of that community are giving to this phase of soil fertility, as a result of the extension school held the year before. This man writes: "The farmers had been using something like 1-8-2 and 2-8-2 ready-mixed goods, but since home-mixing has been introduced, the analyses have been higher and the cost no more than they were paying before. One of the cars last fall had a leaky roof, which made some of the goods damper than usual and resulted in several of the farmers' mixtures being rendered useless, so they say they have enough of home-mixing. However, it was no fault of the fertilizers, but of the company using the bad car. Quite a number of farmers around here expect to try home-mixed fertilizers on corn this spring."

LIVE STOCK

Hog Cholera.

Hog cholera does not resemble the disease known as cholera in human beings. It more closely resembles typhoid fever; in fact, the term pig fever has been applied by some writers. The name cholera has become firmly fixed and it will be hard to change, but it is evident that the disease was totally misunderstood at the start, and it is not so very well understood now.

The Growing Colt.

With proper care and attention a colt of the right kind of breeding should make handsome profit for its owner in these days of high priced horses. But colts should not be neglected. During the first two years of their lives they should receive the best of care and attention and be kept growing right along, if they are to develop into strong, vigorous horses.

Colts should be weaned when they are about five or six months old. If given a little food to nibble at in a trough that they can reach, and where the mare cannot interfere, they will soon learn to eat. And if turned out to pasture occasionally with the mare they soon understand that grass was made to eat, and consequently there is little trouble in weaning them when the time comes. A noted horseman says about weaning colts when the time comes: "Put the halters on and keep them on, leading the foals more or less while weaning them. Leave them in their boxes, two or three together, several days, and have the boxes open into a nice green paddock. Let them run out and in, give them oats mixed with bran and sorghum cut fine, and in a few days more turn them out in the fields away from their dams, where there is plenty of grass and water, and a large trough with feed in it constantly. They have been in the habit of taking milk a great many times a day, and they need food just as often. The best way is to keep plenty of mixed feed for them, using cracked corn and oats, also unthrashed oats run through a cutting box, then mixed with bran and watdr enough to moisten it to make the bran adhere to the oats."

After weaning colts are pretty greedy, and if allowed to do so they will eat more food than they can properly digest, which may lead to digestive troubles and tend to weaken their vitality.

It is a mistake to turn colts of various sizes and ages into a pasture together. The larger and stronger ones crowd and fight the weaker and younger, and the consequences are they do not get their share of feed. We have known of cases where young colts have been either killed or injured very badly in the pasture with older horses. Continue the grain ration until out of the pasture, and see that there is grass enough to supply the horse's needs. Plenty of shade and a supply of clean water are essential during the hot weather. If the grass gets short some supplementary feeds of a succulent nature can be given. And after the flies get bad it will pay to keep the colts in the barn during the daytime and turn them out at night.

Handle the colts as much as possible during the first years of their lives, for then they are laying the foundation of future habits. The colt that is handled from the time of its birth will not require the strenuous "breaking," and will lend itself very readily to the trainer's skill. For that reason alone it is well to get the colts up to the barn frequently and accustom them to your presence.—L. R. in Chicago Weekly Inter-Ocean.

Troublesome Warts.

Warts on cows' teats are often very troublesome. Sometimes they may be removed by smearing them thickly after each milking with pure olive oil. If they persist, they may be clipped off with sharp scissors and the resulting wound touched with a stick of lunar caustic. They may now be oiled and the caustic repeated as often as may be necessary.

POULTRY

The Laying Hens.

Many farm people seem to think that the hens do not require feed during the summer months other than what they hustle for. While I believe in hens having free range, I also think it is a great mistake to entirely leave off the hens' feed as soon as we feel the spring sunshine and hear the twitter of the first birds. We hear many farmers complaining during the summer that their hens are not laying the eggs they should, and we have all noticed, too, I suppose, that as soon as wheat harvest is over and the hens have access to the wheat field we begin to get an abundance of eggs. How do you account for this? Simply because the hens previous to this have not been getting the right kind of feed to make them lay well.

I do not mean to advocate the hens should be fed as heavily in the summer as in the winter, for then they must be fed for warmth as well as for eggs. But it is the case with most of us that we slack up our feeding too much. Hens may live on bugs and worms, but their eggs will be few unless given additional feed. The green, bulky feeds that we give in winter are supplied in summer by grass, weeds, etc., but there is nothing they can pick up that will be a substitute for grain. All corn is not the best for hens, but they should have a slight ration of some kind of grain twice a day. I prefer wheat at morning and corn at night. Oats are good to use instead of wheat if steamed or cooked, but they do not seem to care for them in the raw state.

It will pay to feed the hens for the summer eggs as well as the winter ones as they are a good price the year round. It is very unprofitable to keep a large flock of hens about the place that do not lay well, but this cannot be expected of the hens unless they are fed and treated accordingly. If they are given a moderate amount of grain, milk and have free range, your egg basket will never be empty long at a time. A little lime placed where the hens can pick at it is healthy for them and also helps in the shell formation.

The laying hen must also be supplied with grit. Oyster shells are excellent for this. Old broken dishes, beat up fine, will answer the purpose almost as well.

The hens must be supplied with fresh, clean water at all times. The lice and mites must also be looked after. No amount of good feeding will bring forth eggs if the hens are infested with these pests. To make sure against these pests the roosts should be washed and sprayed with lime and carbolic acid solution and the nests emptied and burned often. —Mrs. R., in St. Louis Star-Farmer.

Fattening Rations.

At this time of year, says Chesla Sherlock, in the Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean, it will be to the interest of every poultryman to give a little thought and attention to the proper rations he should feed the fowls intended for the market.

In the first place, the poultryman must realize that no matter how well he may condition his fowls, or how fast they grow, he must study markets and keep himself posted on them to realize the greatest profit from his product.

In fact, more is to be made by the fellow that knows his market and who has a poor class of ofwls is to sell than can be made by the poultryman that has a good class of fowl to place on the market but that pays no attention to his marketing conditions.

In the second place, your fowls must be fed cheaply, but with the idea in mind to induce the best possible growth. By feeding cheaplyy we do not mean feeding with a small outlay of cash or grain, but feeding all that is required for the best growth and nothing more. Oftentimes it costs considerable to place young fowls on the early market in the best of condition, but if you take the necessary pains you will be rewarded with a better price for your product.

In the third place you must keep your fowls in the best of health We have often seen on the poultry markets of large cities crates of fowls where fully 90 per cent of them were not in a condition to be used as food. Naturally, the market was ruined, as the customers were disgusted with the sight of diseased fowls. The only way in which the commission merchants could dispose of these fowls was to kill and dress them, place them in cold storage and sell them to the unfortunate person that "didn't know the difference."

If you have anything to sell it is always best to put yourself in the place of the buyer. Never treat him in a way that you would not like if you were in his place. Always keep in mind the fact that all large trades have been built up with this idea in view—that a full value be rendered for every cent received.

Corn has been recommended quite frequently as a good fattening food. That it is of value in this respect cannot be doubted, but it should never be used as an exclusive food in the fattening process. If you do use it exclusively you will be endangering the health of the young fowls.

The best method to use in fattening the fowls is to place them to themselves. A small house with a yard sufficient for them to get out in the open, but not large enough to cause them to work off all the surplus you have put on them, is recommended.

Feed them largely on foods containing a large per cent of carohydrates. Of this class of foods corn takes the lead. It is not practical to feed whole corn with the idea of rapid fattening. The best method to follow is to grind all the feed given up fine and feed it in mashes, either wet or dry. Where whole grain is given, too much energy will be expended by the fowls in digesting the grain, which is not advisable in fattening fowls.

It is not advisable to feed fattening fowls on green food of any variety. Give the fowls all they will eat and keep them eating as much as possible, but never allow food to stand before them for any length of time. The secret of feeding for the market is to keep up the keenness of the appetite.

Pertinent Paragraphs.

It pays to make the hens comfortable. Don't neglect them because they are not laying.

It is not always the man who produces the most eggs that makes the best profit. It is the man who knows how and where to market his product that gets the profit that counts. Better study marketing a little more!

Separate the males from the rest of the flock and place them in a pen to themselves. The welfare of the flock, as well as the strength of the males, demands this action.

Don't allow old piles of rubbish around the poultry buildings. It is a good way of harboring pests of all kinds, such as rats, minks, skunks, etc. At any rate, it will not add to the beauty of the place to allow the rubbish to accumulate. Clean up.

There are always those that take personal exception when their faults in the poultry yard are pointed out. It's because the shoe fits.

The moving picture film has recently been used as a medium of informing the general public on poultry management. It was originated by Professor Dryden, of the Utah Station, and according to latest reports is a fine success. People are beginning to realize that the moving picture film is good for something besides amusement.

It has been said that one cannot realize the magnitude of the poultry industry unless he travels over the country and visits the various poultry raising centers. Two such centers in California, the Petaluma and the Pasadena districts, are famous the world over as commercial egg farming centers. It has been reported that the daily output of eggs from the Petaluma district alone exceeds in value $25,000.

THE DAIRY

Plan the Silo Now.

"The average farmer waits until the corn is in the milk before planning his silo, when as a matter of fact he should be planning it the winter previous," said a noted agricultural expert recently. The farmer should plan his silo before he plants his crops, otherwise he cannot tell how much corn to plant for silage purposes.

As the winter is past, the next best thing the farmer can do is to figure out right now how big a silo he wants. If he has read some good literature on silos, such as he can get free from Uncle Sam's agricultural department at Washington, from the state agricultural schools or the leading cement companies, he probably knows how large a silo he wants. Experts say that it is better to get the capacity by having a tall, narrow silo than a short, wide one, as at least two inches must be fed off every day after the silo is unsealed and feeding commenced.

If the farmer is farseeing he will put in the foundation for his silo immediately after spring plowing and planting, and then in the summer he can economically build his concrete silo. Long before the corn has begun to ripen his silo should be finished. As a silo should not be filled for at least three weeks after erecting, so that the concrete may harden, it can readily be seen that the early building is the more advantageous to the farmer.

How to Judge Butter.

Nearly every one thinks he can judge a sample of butter and it is true that all are able to compare butter from an individual standpoint. However, to judge butter for the commercial taste requires considerable experience. The standard used exclusively in this country for judging butter is as follows:

Flavor	45 per cent.
Body	25 per cent.
Color	15 per cent.
Salt	10 per cent.
Style	5 per cent.

Flavor is valued at nearly half the total. A judge must have a keen and sensitive taste and must also know the flavor that is demanded in the market. Some of the common faults in flavor are designated as "flat," "fishy," "rancid," "weedy," "old cream," "acid" and "stable." Flavor is due to the previous methods of handling the cream.

Body refers to the texture of grain of the butter. It should be firm and waxy. Criticisms of body are "greasy," "tallowy," "cloudy," "brisky" and "salvy." Texture is determined by the methods of manufacture. That is, by the churning, washing, working and salting.

The color must be bright and even. The most common fault in color is "mottled" or wavy butter. Most consumers can detect small differences in the salt content of butter. This is liable to be confused with flavor.

The amount of salt should be suited to the market and is not criticized in the judging as much as its condition in the butter. It should be thoroughly dissolved and entirely distributed.

Style refers to the clean and neatly finished appearance of the butter and its package.

More pains should be taken by farmers to put their butter up in suitable shape for the market, whether it be for the city or local trade. About the best lessons to be learned in this practice is to visit the local county or state fairs and examine the butter and creamery exhibits there. It will be well worth the time for any one.—Chicago Weekly Inter Ocean.

THE GARDEN

Toil and Good Crops.

Did you ever notice that people coming from the smaller European countries were good gardeners and managed a small plat of ground better than they could manage a couple of hundred acres? The reason is easily accounted for. They have come from a country where acres do not mean as much as toil, where they were forced to make their small plats produce as much as they were capable, and as a result, they have learned the lesson of intensive farming until it has become a habit with them. We believe that eventually the farming system of this country will be conducted along such lines and that the farmer of the future will be an intensive farmer. The greatest possibilities to be realized according to present prices, is to be realized in the garden and orchard. It is nothing uncommon for an acre to produce as high as $500 worth of fruit or vegetables, while there was never a field of corn or alfalfa that could equal that amount.

Late Garden Important.

As a rule people don't seem to think much of the late garden, as they usually give it indifferent care and seldom take much trouble to keep up its appearance.

The late garden is just as important as the early garden, and should be given even more attention and consideration than the early garden. The reason why so many late gardens have been a failure is because they usually come at a time of the year when there is a general lack of sufficient moisture in the soil to romote a rapid growth an development of the crop.

The fact that weeds will grow readily during the warm months, and that they are practically in their prime during those months, has considerable to do with the failure of many late summer and early fall gardens. For these reasons, then, they should be given frequent and thorough cultivation to remove all weeds that may be present. The frequent stirring of the soil will also serve to preserve what moisture is in the soil.

Such vegetables as lettuce, radishes, onions, etc., will be relished on any table during the late months of the summer or fall, and will be just as much appreciated as they are during the early spring months. There is no reason why every farmhouse should not be supplied with such vegetables during the greater part of the whole year. Lettuce can be grown up until Christmas time in almost any locality in the United States, cold frames being the protection from frost. As there are hardly more than three months in the year in which the ground is frozen too hard for cultivation, there is no reason why every family should not have such vegetables nine months out of every 12. What cannot be used on the table can easily be sold to neighbors or on the local market, especially during those months that are usually considered out of season.

Quite a little sum can be made in this way and a constant supply afforded for home use. It is well to plan now for the late garden, and many of the vegetables that require considerable time to mature should be in the ground as soon as possible.

Plant a late garden, and if you have a little over and can't sell it or use it, send it down the road to the neighbor. We're certain that he would appreciate it.—S.

Horticultural Notes.

Can the surplus fruit and save it for future use. This will save loss and store up goods for winter use.

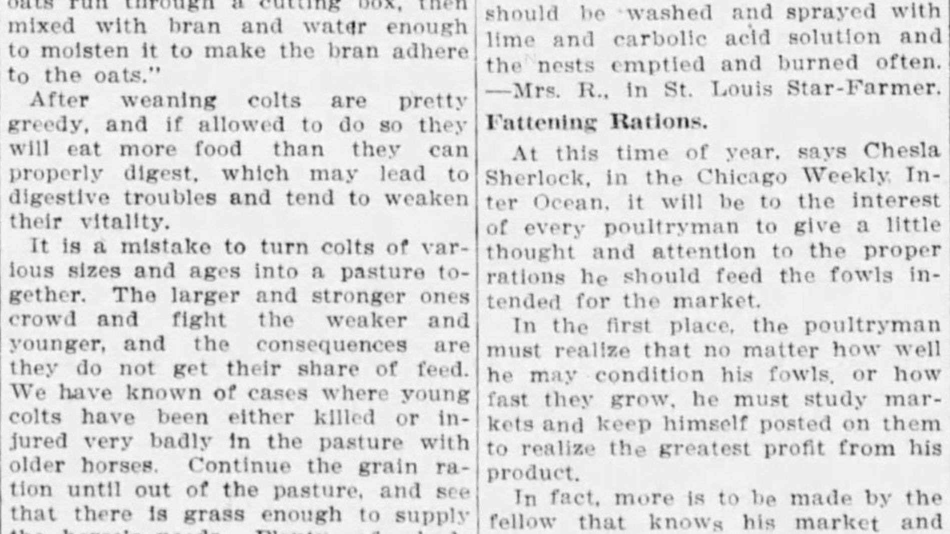
Early apples are generally relished because they come at a time when fresh fruits are in demand.

Keeping down the weeds will greatly assist in the extermination of the pesky flies.

Gardeners usually estimate that it costs practically 1 cent per pound to place a pound of grapes on the market. This is counting the cost of the basket, picking and hauling to market. In reality this is a trifle over the actual cost.

It is not always the large gardens that produce the best vegetables. It sometimes takes the city boy or girl that have nothing but a small lot to farm to produce the tomatoes or potatoes that capture the prizes at the local fairs. Surely the boys and girls living on the farm should not allow this to happen. It is an insult to every farm youngster to allow any city chap to outdo him on gardening.

SOME BEAUTIFUL BIRDS



BUFF PLYMOUTH ROCKS.

Here is a variety of the family of Plymouth Rocks that was admitted to the standard in 1893. It had been several years in the making, and after its recognition by the American Poultry Association, genuine fanciers and breeders continued to strive for greater perfection. It is a beautiful golden buff in color in all sections. Has yellow legs, beak and skin, and bright red comb, wattles and ear lobes. Its comb is single, set firm and straight on the head. This variety is a first-class table fowl, from broiler size to maturity, and gives excellent results both on free range and in small backyard home flocks.

CUBS' FOOD

They Thrive on Grape-Nuts.

Healthy babies don't cry and the well-nourished baby that is fed on Grap-Nuts is never a crying baby. Many babies who cannot take any other food relish the perfect food, Grape-Nuts, and get well.

"My baby was given up by three doctors who said that the condensed milk on which I had fed her had ruined the child's stomach. One of the doctors told me that the only thing to do would be to try Grape-Nuts, so I got some and prepared it as follows: I soaked 1½ tabelspoonfuls in one pint of cold water for half an hour, then I strained off the liquid and mixed 12 teaspoonfuls of this strained Grape-Nuts juice with six teaspoonfuls of rich milk, put in a pinch of salt and a little sugar, warmed it and gave it baby every two hours.

"In this simply, easy way I saved baby's life, and have built her up to a strong, healthy child, rosy and laughing. The food must certainly be perfect to have such a wonderful effect as this. I can truthfully say I think it is the best food in the world to raise delicate babies on and is also a delicious, healthful food for grown-ups as we have discovered in our family."

Grape-Nuts is equally valuable to the strong, healthy man or woman. It stands for the true theory of health. "There's a reason," and it is explained in the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

This Is the Car I Give You FREE

This big 50 H. P. Coey Flyer is yours without a cent in cash if you take my course in motoring and qualify for the agency. Let me prove it to you. Big Money, Easy Work, Steady Employment for men who take my course. Write today for catalogue and First Lesson. You can have both Free.

C. A. Coey, Pres., C. A. COEY'S SCHOOL OF MOTORING,
Dept. 195, 1424-1426 Michigan Avenue, CHICAGO

LICE KILLER Licecil, strongest lice killing compound made. Works like magic. Simply put a few drops in nests and hang bottle in coop. Powerful evaporating vapors go into feathers, cracks and crevices. No painting, spraying or dusting. Easy to use. Circular free. Pound bottle prepaid 50c. Money back if it fails. Agents wanted. W. H. Metzger Co., No. 113 Quincy, Ill.

CHURN FREE To Introduce the CHALLENGE CHURN. First person in each township. Guaranteed to make first class butter from milk or cream in 2 to 7 min., 1 to 10 gal. capacity. Write today sure. Get one Free. Agents Wanted. MASON MFG. CO., Dept. G, CANTON, OHIO

Men for the Land

Chicago Tribune.

In a short space of time immigrants now living and working in the United States have sent $300,000,000 to Europe. Every alien who sends his savings to the old world goes back there himself after three or four years. He returns to his native land unwillingly, however. He would have been much happier had he been able to make this country his permanent abode. But this he cannot do, because he finds the work he is engaged in too strenuous, too risky to be endured for more than three or four years.

Most of the aliens of this class are working in mines, steel mills, or on railroads — hard, dangerous work. They are constantly in the shadow of death from accidents. In the old world these men have been tillers of the soil. They are accustomed to a quieter life, to a closer union with the field and farm. If a road had been paved from the mine and mill communities to the farm lands of this country many of these men would have followed this road. Instead of sending their savings home they would have invested it in farms here.

Immense areas of undeveloped land in the United States are waiting for pioneers. These aliens have the hardihood and strength to become such pioneers. But they know nothing of the opportunities for farming in this country. No one has come to them with the story of the vastness of our natural resources. The private labor agent, who is the high priest, as it were, in these mill and mine communities, finds the ignorance of the immigrant his chief asset. And he sees to it that the alien does not get the opportunity to learn anything of the new world beyond the narrow circle in which he lives.

It was shown recently that one farm hand with the aid of science can produce food sufficient to maintain 50 persons. There is need of additional blood in our farming population. The state department could do a great economic service to the country if it undertook to direct this great army of labor, which is now the prey of all sorts of unscrupulous agents, to the land which needs them and for which they crave.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

Will Irwin, the magazine writer, is credited with the invention of the word "Highbrow." It was coined to express a blend of "snob" and "academic." He first used it when, as a reporter, he had occasion to describe the proceedings of societies who talked about the betterment of the drama. He thinks that the word will be assimilated by the dictionaries.

PHOTOGRAPHY REVOLUTIONIZED

BY NEW INVENTION.

Films, Plates and Dark Room Made Unnecessary.

New Camera Takes Finished Pictures in Two Minutes.

Mr. Edmond F. Stratton, of New York City, has invented a camera that takes and completes pictures ready to see in two minutes. It does away with the expense of buying films or plates and the trouble, expense and delay of having them developed and pictures printed by a photographer.

This camera, which is called the Gordon Camera, is being manufactured by the Gordon Camera Corporation 738A Stuyvesant Building, New York, N. Y. As they are desirous of making it known in every locality, they are making a special offer to our readers. For a limited time they will sell Model H at $5.00 and Model B at $7.00. The regular price of Model H, which takes pictures 3 x 4¼ inches, is $8.00 and the regular price of Model B, which takes pictures 3¼ x 5½ inches, is $10.00. Whichever one you order, enclose 90 cents additional to cover parcel post, sensitized cards and developing powders.

The sensitized cards are wrapped for daylight loading and the powder to make the developing solution to be put into the developing tank, which is inside the camera. Model H is 5¼x9¼x10 inches in size and weighs 3 lbs. 7 oz. Model B, 6½x9x10¾ inches and weighs 4 lbs.

The cost of taking pictures with the Gordon camera is almost nothing in comparison to all other cameras. Extra sensitized cards for Model H can be bought for 2½ cents each (cards for Model B, 3 cents each), and 10 cents worth of developer will develop over 40 pictures. The Gordon Corporation sells flash-light lamps for $1.00 which will enable you to take pictures at night in your own parlor, or out of doors.

The operation of this new camera is so simple that any person of ordinary intelligence can easily take pictures with it after reading the directions sent with each one. When ordering a camera under this special offer be sure to mention that you are a reader of THE TOLEDO WEEKLY BLADE.

CZEMA BROKE OUT
WATER BLISTERS

ratched It So Hard All Sore. On Hand, Then on Legs. Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment Cured in Six Weeks.

48 Congress St., Chicago, Ill. — "My ema broke out like little water blisters. h one was full of water and would itch until I would scratch it open, then the water would run out and it would get sore. I first got the eczema on the back of the hand and I scratched it so hard I made it all sore. Then I got it on my legs just above the ankle and above the knee.

"I used what they call —— and it stopped the itch but it got se. Then I used ———. In all I had trouble for about two years. One day w the advertisement of Cuticura Soap Ointment in the paper. I wrote for a ple of Cuticura Soap and Ointment and ied them and then bought some more. ticura Soap and Ointment left my sores e and smooth. I used them for six weeks, I am now cured; the eczema left no rks." (Signed) F. W. Horrisch, Oct. 1912.

lthough the Cuticura Soap and Ointnt are most successful in the treatment affections of the skin, scalp, hair and ds, they are also most valuable for every- use in the toilet, bath and nursery be- se they promote and maintain the health the skin and hair from infancy to age. ticura Soap (25c.) and Cuticura Ointment c.) are sold everywhere. Liberal sample of h mailed free, with 32-p. Skin Book. Ad- ss post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston." Men who shave and shampoo with Cu- ura Soap will find it best for skin and scalp.

VE CHILDREN BURN TO DEATH

alencia, Pa., July 3.—Five children W. A. Hays, a dairyman residing r here, were burned to death this ning. The children, Ethel, How- Mary, Robert and Williard, were ep in their home while the father mother had gone to a distant ture field to milk. The house caught from an overheated stove, and be- help could reach the little ones, ranged in age from nine months 11 years, were dead.

PERFECTLY MATCHED Human Hair Switch FREE

Here is the fairest proposition one woman can make to another

Send us a sample of your hair and we will make you this beautiful 22-inch Human Hair Switch to match. If it is satisfactory, send us $1.50 within 10 days, or sell three to your friends and get yours absolutely free. Extra shades cost a trifle more. These Quality Switches are all made in our own sanitary factory of all human hair from Europe's peasantry. We have no salesmen or dealers. Our only agents are our customers. This 22-inch switch would cost you elsewhere from two to three dollars. It is soft and lustrous, full length and weight, and can be had in straight or wavy hair. Illustrated catalogue for five cents in stamps.

SPECIAL A few first quality French hair switches, 2 oz., 22 inches, any shade. Regular $10 goods. $5

MARGUERITE COLLY
Dept. 385
115 So. Dearborn St., Chicago.

BLADE PATTERNS---LATEST FASHIONS

The Blade will supply its readers with patterns of these designs at the rate of 10 cents for each pattern. The patterns are perfect fitting. All seams allowed. Full directions for making. Inordering give size, number, age, etc.

Address: Pattern Department, The Blade, Toledo, Ohio.

6312 Ladies' Dress.

This pretty ess has a ep U cut at e neck dis- aying the nt of a one ece guimpe. handsome llar trims e neck edge. e four gore irt opens in e front and gathered at e waistline the back. The pattern cut in sizes to 42 inches st measure. edium size quires 4¾ rds of 36 in. terial for e dress and yd. of 36 in. ing for the impe, with yard of 22 h net for e yoke.

6306—Boys' Blouse Suit.

A pretty blouse suit, with long sleeves ending in regulation shirt fashion and with a rounding collar. The trousers are made with straight edge at the knee in the new manner Khaki, duck, linen, etc., are used for these suits. The pattern is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium size requires 2¾ yards of 36 in. material.

6209—Ladies' Three Gore Skirt.

A novel tailored style, made with the raised waistline and closing in front. A patch pocket completes the skirt. The back is slightly gathered. The skirt is made of linen, heavy gingham, light weight woolens and the like. The skirt pattern No. 6209 is cut in sizes 22 to 30 inches waist measure. Medium size requires 3⅞ yards of 36 inch material.

5900—Child's Sun Bonnets.

These bonnets are very necessary for summer use. They may be made of fine lawn or batiste, or of soft Japanese silk. Hand embroidery or lace may be used in trimming them. The bonnet patterns No. 5900 are cut in one size only. To make bonnet No. 1 will require ¾ yard of 36 inch material with ¾ rd of 22 inch allover and 1 yard of ging. Bonnet No. 2 requires 1 yard 36 inch material. Bonnet No. 3 re- ires ½ yard of 36 inch material, with yard of 22 inch allover. Bonnet No. requires ¾ yard of 36 inch material th ¾ yard of 22 inch allover.

6215—Girls' Dress.

This frock offers a novelty in the tunic, which is slipped on over the dress, which is complete without it. The panels of the tunic may be of lace or embroidery or may contrast in color with the rest of the dress if desired. The dress pattern No. 6215 is cut in sizes 6, 8, 10 and 12 years. Medium requires 3⅝ yards of 36 in. material.

6173—Misses' Blouse Waist.

his is a mod- ied middy ouse, having side front osing and a p band in lgarian style. e lower edge ay be left ose if pre- rred and col- r and cuffs ay be of con- asting mate- al. he pattern is t in sizes 14, and 18 years edium size quires 2¾ rds of 36 in. aterial.

HOW TO MAKE A PETTICOAT

Do you know how to make a petticoat? If not, you can learn easily by securing a copy of "Every Woman Her Own Dressmaker." Don't miss the opportunity that is offered to every purchaser of a Blade pattern. The regular published price of this book is 25 cents, but if you buy a Blade pattern you can get the book for five 1-cent stamps. Save your certificate and get a book that no woman should be without.

HOUSE IS READY TO INVESTIGATE

Committee of Seven Members Will Pry Into Mulhall Case.

Washington, July 5.—A "lobby" investigation by the house to cover particularly Martin Mulhall's charges that the National Association of Manufacturers "influenced" present and former congressmen, but broad enough to cover all alleged lobby activities before congress, was provided today by a resolution from the house rules committee.

It will direct a committee of seven members appointed by the speaker, to inquire whether the National Association of Manufacturers or any other organization or corporation or association or person, "does now maintain or has heretofore maintained a lobby for the purpose of influencing legislation by congress and ascertain and report to what extent and in what manner, if at all, legislation has been improperly affected or prevented by reason of the existence of said lobby, if it be found to exist at all, now or heretofore.

Mass of Evidence.

Senators Reed and Walsh after an examination of the mass of Mulhall letters, telegrams and expense accounts subpoenaed by the senate lobby committee, have determined to introduce all of the papers as testimony before the committee next week. Every opportunity will be given to the house to examine the letters.

Under a blanket clause in the resolution the house committee would have almost plenary authority to probe all lobbying activity, past or present.

As to Use of Money.

Regarding the specific charges of Mulhall, the resolution provides that the committee shall determine whether or not the lobbyists "of the National Association of Manufacturers or the Association did, in fact, reach or influence, whether for business, political or sympathetic reasons, or otherwise, any representatives and if so, when, by whom, in what manner."

The resolution further provides that the committee shall also inquire whether money was used or improper influence was exerted by the National Association of Manufacturers or any agent to accomplish the defeat for nomination or election of any candidate for congress, and whether members of congress have been employed by the association for the accomplishment of any improper purpose whatever.

URGE THREE DREADNOUGHTS

Representative Britten to Make Plea for Emergency Appropriation.

Washington, July 7.—The United States is right now face to face with a great emergency as far as her programme for battle ship construction is concerned. So great is that emergency that I intend to move, at the first regular meeting of the committee on naval affairs, that a resolution be at once reported to the House providing for an emergency appropriation sufficiently large to make it possible to begin the immediate construction of three dreadnoughts this year." This statement was issued today to the Navy League of the United States by Fred A. Britten, representative Congress from Chicago and new member of the committee on naval affairs.

IS 107; SAYS IT'S BECAUSE HE'S SINGLE

Los Angeles, July 5.—Daniel Turner, a veteran of the civil war residing at Santa Monica, who celebrated his 107th birthday today, thanks his judgment in remaining single for his long life and apparent good health.

"My life was never blighted by worry or sickness because I never married," said "Uncle Dan."

"Married men die younger than bachelors. Sometimes death is a welcome relief to the man who gets a modern wife."

Turner chopped a quantity of wood to show that infirmities have not claimed him.

SUFFRAGETTE REACHES KING

Drops Scroll on His Knee and Is Struck With Sword.

Bristol, Eng., July 5.—While the royal procession was on its way to the agricultural show, at which the king was to officiate yesterday, a suffragette darted from the sidewalk, and getting behind the mounted equerry, reached the king's carriage and dropped a scroll of paper on his majesty's knees.

The equerry, wheeling around, drew his sword and struck the woman a light blow. The police then arrested her.

The crowd made a rush for the suffragette, the women in the crowd showing the greatest eagerness to maul her. One of them struck her with an umbrella and another seized her by the hair. The police rushed their prisoner away in an automobile to escape the mob.

After a short detention at the police station, the woman was released. She gave the name of Mary Richardson and her address as the headquarters of the Women's Social and Political Union.

WOUNDS NOT FATAL

Gettysburg, Pa., July 3.—All of the victims of W. B. Henry of Philadelphia who ran amuck in the dining room of a Gettysburg hotel last night are reported today to be doing well. Charles Ensor, who received the most dangerouse wounds, is not out of danger, but the doctors say there is little likelihood of his death unless complications arise.

Seven men were stabbed in a fight which started when several men aroused the anger of an old veteran in blue by abusing Lincoln.

The wounded men were:

Edward J. Carroll, sergeant of the Quarter masters Corps U. S. A.; David Farbor, of Butler, Pa., a member of the state constabulary; John D. Maugin, Harrisburg; Malcolm Griffith, of Bedford City, Pa.; Charles Susler, of West Fairview, Pa.; Hayder Reisbecker, Gettysburg, and Harry A. Root, Jr., Harrisburg.

According to all the information the authorities could gather the fight started suddenly and was over in a few minutes. It began shortly before 7 o'clock when the dining room was full of people and caused a panic among the scores of guests.

SOCIETY MATRON ADOPTS PIG

Only Place It Will Sleep Is on Pillow Beside Her.

Denver, July 7.—Mrs. Whitney Newton, a leading Denver socitey matron, has adopted a pig. A few evenings ago young Robert Newton brought a baby pig home. All went well until the next evening, when he wished to attend a dance, and then Mrs. Newton resorted to almost everything to quiet his pigship without success.

Finally, about midnight, she took a fine piece of hemstitched linen, embroidered with blue flowers, wrapped it about the squirming animal and laid him cautiously upon the pillow beside her own. Piggy gave a contented squeak, doubled his feet and went to sleep happy as a lamb.

Now his white bristles are washed, combed and perfumed, and he sleeps in a downy bed every night beside his mistress. He also eats from a silver spoon.

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AN ALL-OVER EMBROIDERY Corset Cover

This handsome corset cover is made in a pretty blind and open work design, exactly as illustrated. Has silk ribbon drawn entirely around and finished with bow. The arm holes are lace edged. Has draw strings at waist. Pearl buttons down front. Sizes, 32 to 44 inches. You will be surprised to get this beautiful corset cover for less than 50c. If you are not entirely satisfied upon receipt we will refund your money. Order by No. 189U52.

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W. & H. WALKER
87 Herr's Island Pittsburgh, Pa.

PUTS FRAUDS AT DOOR OF LOBBY

Head of Anti-Trust League Gives More Startling Testimony.

Washington, July 3.—Confirmation of David Lamar's claim that it was he who drew the congressional resolution under which the Stanley committee investigated the United States Steel corporation, was given to the senate lobby committee today by Henry B. Martin, head of a so-called "anti-trust league."

Martin's testimony, less gripping and startling than Lamar's yesterday, when the latter blandly told of confidential relations with Wall street leaders and his impersonations of congressmen, was corroboratory and supplementary to Lamar's on several points.

He testified that after Lamar drew the steel trust investigation resolution, he (Martin) induced Representative Stanley to introduced it. He did not tell Stanley Lamar was its author, but did not try to suppress the fact. He disclaimed knowing that Lamar had used the resolution before introduction in dealing with financiers and protested he knew nothing of Lamar's telephone impersonations.

Persistent questioning by the senators failed to make Martin divulge what the "Anti-Trust League" was or who composed it. He declined to give names of members, or tell of the disposition of thousands of dollars he said it had spent.

Supplied Information.

Further questioning brought out that Lamar, in 1909, when the Wickersham railroad law amendments were before congress, had supplied arguments and information that Martin presented to members. Martin thought such information had led to the striking out of the sections to immunize railroads from prosecutions.

The committee wanted to know what Martin knew about lobbies in Washington. He declared that Chairman Lovett, of the Union Pacific board, and Paul D. Cravath of counsel, had been to the department of justice to discuss the Union Pacific dissolution with Attorney General McReynolds. They had "lobbied" the department. A. C. Dickey of the Carnegie Steel Co., Vice President Johnson of the Bethlehem Steel Co., and Vice President Petrie of the Midvale Steel Co. had been in Washington in March lobbying for armor plate contracts, Martin declared.

Names Navy League.

"An active part of that lobby is the navy league," he added.

J. P. Morgan, Jr., and Herbert Satterlee, of Morgan & Co., he named as interested in the navy league.

"The result of their continued lobbying has resulted in the United States paying hundreds of millions for obsolete ships and useless armor," said Martin.

Senators gave Martin a lively examination in an effort to disclose what the "anti-trust league" was and who composed it. Martin testified that M. L. Lockwood, of Oklahoma, was originally its president; he was secretary; Cotter T. Bride, of this city, was treasurer, and Herman Schulteis, also of Washington, was counsel. At one time the "league" depended upon Attorney General Monett, of Ohio, for legal advice, he said.

Won't Tell League's Members.

Martin declined to give names of the league's members, because they would suffer "the anger of the great trust," who would ruin, blacklist them and secure their discharge from employment. Martin also declined to disclose expenditure of about $50,000 by the league on the same grounds.

Martin gave the legislative committee of the "league" as consisting of himself, Lockwood, Schulteis, Monett, Bride and W. B. Fleming, of Kentucky; C. J. Van Vorhis, of Indiana; William Trent, of Illinois, W. G. La Follette, of Wisconsin; P. E. Dow, of new York, and W. H. Green, of Nebraska. He claimed he had presented to the secretary of the navy evidences of frauds in armour plate contracts and that he had given information to other government officials regarding violations of the law by the railroad trust, coal trust, steel trust, Harvester trust, and elevator trust, at a Cost of more than $100,000.

You should read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

BULGARS BAIT GREEKS

Tease Them Into Abandoning Strongholds to Fight.

Vienna, July 5.—Desperate fighting has been in progress between the Bulgarians and Servians since yesterday near Veles (Koprili), according to Sofia corrspondent of the Freie Presse. He says the Bulgarian troops repulsed the Servian southern wing with heavy losses and expect to occupy Veles shortly.

The same correspondent telegraphs that a great battle, extending over an area of 50 miles, is being fought north of Saloniki, where 80,000 Greeks are opposed to 100,000 Bulgarians. The Bulgarians had made a number of minor attacks since last Monday with the object of inducing the Greeks to take the offensive. The bait was taken and the battle was begun. The result is expected to be a deciding factor in the Greek and Bulgarian campaign.

The strategy of the Bulgarian commanders forced the Greeks to abandon several fortified positions near Saloniki, Langasa Lake and Beshik Lake. The Greeks are now threatened by an outflanking attack by a column of 30,000 Bulgarians advancing from the south of Tahynos Lake.

STEAMS FEET AND GETS WELL

Prisoner in Poor Health Finds Strength in Mustard.

Trenton, N. J., July 7.—Thomas Doyle, 20, prisoner at the state prison, has discovered something which is attracting the attention of medical men.

Doyle came into the prison several years ago with a delicate constitution. He commenced to steam his feet every night with mustard and hot water, followed by a brisk massage. His health is now above that of the other inmates of the institution and his belief is that the strange pedal treatment is what built up his system.

His theory is that all of the impurities of the body are removed by this.

ALL RECORDS SMASHED

Reach High Mark in Liquor Consumption.

Washington, July 3.—The American people drank more whisky, smoked more cigarettes and chewed more tobacco during the fiscal year 1913, than in any other yearly period of the nation's history, according to estimates based today under the record breaking internal revenue receipts of the federal government for the 12 months ended June 30.

The drinkers of the country consumed the enormous total of 143,300,000 gallons of whisky, an increase of 7,500,000 gallons over the previous year and breaking the former high record of the fiscal year 1907 by 7,300,000 gallons. Sixty-four million five hundred thousand barrels of beer flowed down the throats of lovers of the amber brew, exceeding 1911's great record by more than one million barrels.

Smokers puffed into space 7,700,000,000 cigars and 14,012,000,000 cigarettes during the year. This was 217,000,000 cigars and 2,790,000 cigarettes more than ever before had been consumed in a single year. Patrons of the pipe smoked 403,200,000 pounds of tobacco, or 9,400,000 pounds more than they did in 1912.

WILL DESCEND UPON CONGRESS

Suffragettes Plan New Attack at End of Month.

Washington, July 7.—General plans for the descent of women suffragists on the capitol were agreed upon today when officers of the National Woman Suffrage Association determined that the "attack" on the national legislature would be marked by a monster automobile parade.

Suffragists from many states have advised the committee of their intention to take part.

The women will gather at Hyattsville, Md., on the morning of July 30. A reception will be held there by the local committee and, after forming in possession, the long line of motor cars will charge upon capitol hill. The demonstration is for the purpose of demanding that congress pass a resolution leaving to the country the question of a constitutional amendment granting the ballot to women.

Preparations are being made for the entertainment of the visiting women. Principal among the events already arranged is a banquet to them at the Chevy Club on the evening of the first day.

PHILIP STEELE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE ONE.

the doctor and Falkner's wife nursed him through the fever. When they left for the south, late in May, he was still too weak to travel, and it was a month later before he presented himself, pale and haggard, before Inspector MacGregor at Prince Albert. Again disappointment was awaiting him. There had been delay in purchasing his discharge, and he found that he would have to wait until August. MacGregor gave him a three weeks' furlough, and his first move was to go up to Etomami and Le Pas. Colonel Becker and Isobel had been at those places six weeks before. He could find no trace of their having stopped at Prince Albert. He ran down to Winnipeg and spent several days in making inquiries which proved the hopelessness of any longer expecting to find Isobel in Canada. He assured himself that by this time they were probably in London and he made his plans accordingly. His discharge would come to him by the tenth of August, and he would immediately set off for England.

Upon his return to Prince Albert he was detailed to a big prairie stretch of country where there was little to do but wait. On the first day of August he was at Hymers when the Limited plunged down the embankment into Blind Indian river. The first word of it came over the wire from Bleak House Station a little before midnight, while he and the agent were playing cribbage. Pink-cheeked little Gunn, agent, operator, and one-third of the total population of Hymers, had lifted a peg to make a count when his hand stopped in mid-air, and with a gasping break in his voice he sprang to his feet.

The instrument on the little table near the window was clicking frantically. It was Billinger, at Bleak House, crying out for headquarters, clear lines, the right of way. The Transcontinental—engine, tender, baggage car, two coaches and a sleeper, had gone to the devil. Those, in his excitement, where his first words. From 50 to 100 were dead. Gunn almost swore Billinger's next words to the line. It was not an accident! Human hands had torn up three sections of rail. The same human hands had rolled a two-ton boulder in the right of way. He did not know whether the express car—or what little remained of it—had been robbed or not.

From midnight until 2 o'clock the lines were hot. A wrecking train was on its way from the east, another from division headquarters to the west. Ceaselessly headquarters demanded new information, and bit by bit the terrible tragedy was told even as the men and women in it died and the few souls from the prairies around Bleak House Station fought to save lives. Then a new word crept in on the wires. It called for Philip Steele at Hymers. It commanded him in the name of Inspector MacGregor of the Royal Mounted to reach Bleak House Station without delay. What he was to do when he arrived at the scene of the wreck was left to his own judgment.

The wire from MacGregor aroused Philip from the stupor of horror into which he had fallen. Gunn's girlish face was as white as a sheet.

"I've got a jigger," he said, "and you can take it. It's 40 miles to Bleak House and you can make it in three hours. There won't be a train for six."

Philip scribed a few words for MacGregor and shoved them into Gunn's nervous hand. While the operator was sending them off he rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and buckled on his revolver belt. Then Gunn hurried him through the door and they lifted the velocipede on the track.

"Wire Billinger I'm coming," called back Philip as Gunn started him off with a running shove.

To Be Continued.

W. F. Passett, who has done more than any other man to make the dahlia one of New Jersey's most extensive and profitable crops, has been raising this flower for more than 70 years. He is now 88.

INDIAN SERVICE FACES INQUIRY

Evidence Shows Red Men Wrongfully Loss Their Land and Money.

Washington, July 3.—As a result of sensational information showing the deplorable condition of the Indians, a congressional commission will be appointed to investigate the entire Indian service, writes John Callon O'Loughlin from Washington to the Chicago Tribune.

The inquiry is bound to show, if the evidence already gathered by the committee of congress is substantiated, not only the robbery of the Indians of their lands but of the money received from the lands finally transferred to them, that they are becoming blind from trachoma, and dying from consumption, as a result of failure of the government to provide for them; that the schools which are maintained at an enormous cost are inefficient and show cases of immorality; that, in short, the Indians have been subordinated to a system little less than archaic and are the helpless sufferers of its operation.

Moreover, charges have been made not only involving administrative methods of the expenditure of federal and tribal funds.

Negroes Claim Indian Lands.

According to the latest census figures the Indian population is about 265,000. The Indian bureau claims there are 322,000, the difference probably being made up by the intrusion of whites and negroes upon the allotment rolls.

Many of the negroes make no secret that they were solicited by white investors prior to land allotments among the Indians to claim connection with the latter, receiving so much money for their perjury.

An investigation made by the Marine hospital service shows that 22.7 per cent of the Indians are afflicted with trachoma and about 25.5 with tuberculosis. Thus half of the Indian population is suffering from two dread diseases. One-third of all the Indians live in Oklahoma. Sixty-eight per cent of these have trachoma, and thousands of them are practically blind.

"Gentlemen," one witness said to the senate Indian committee, "I live in that state and see no effort being made on the part of anybody. I see government doctors holding their hands, leaving these Indians there, their eyes all covered, often stuck together with mucus. I never hear about a doctor or employe in the Indian service even suggesting to them to wash their eyes.

"It is a horrible condition down there, and so far as the government doctors are concerned—if it has got them there I don't know where they are—only a few of them—but those I know ought to be prosecuted for criminal neglect, if it is their duty to doctor those poor Indians."

Fed Indians Tubercular Cattle.

Senator Lane of Oregon a member of the committee, charged that 40 per cent of the cattle controlled by the Indian bureau for the Indians are tubercular and 60 per cent of the children are tubercular.

In the case of meat bought from a Portland packing house, the Oregon senator declared the tubercular glands were cut out and the beef distributed among the Indians.

They have eaten lumpy jaw meat on the Crow reservation, and similar meat has been sold, it is alleged, by the traders' stores on the Omaha and Winnebago reservations.

A statement prepared by the Indian bureau declares that "the present sanitary condition of Indian homes in a large number of tribes is extremely bad, and as these home conditions are largely responsible for the excessive prevalence and rapid spread of tuberculosis, trachoma, and other infectious diseases, it is imperative that active measures be taken to improve these home conditions.

"Out of a population of 196,000 Indians, 19,018 families are living in permanent houses having floors and 9,261 families in houses without floors. These latter houses are badly infected with tuberculous sputum, and as many of them are without sufficient window space and means of ventilation, they are excellent breeding places for tuberculosis. Nine thousand seven hundred and two families are still without permanent homes and are living in tents and tepees."

Criticise Methods of Schools.

Carlisle and other Indian schools are criticised because of their failure to teach the Indian youth what they will need in practical life. In one school where Indian girls were supposed to learn needlework, the girls, who already knew these stitches when they came, pored over Mexican drawn work and embroidery till their eyes gave out, and when their wonderful exhibit was over the superintendent's wife took it away for her trosseau as a token of the Indians' esteem.

The boys and girls are permitted to attend school half a day and the rest of the time are at work in the laundry or kitchen. Worse than this, however, is that the schools in many instances are declared to be the hotbeds of infectious diseases.

PLOT TO BURN LONDON?

Police Say Women Were in Conspiracy.

London, July 7.—Scotland Yard last night discovered a plot. Rumors this morning say it was a plot to burn all of London and that the suffragets were behind it. At least acorning to police, vast quantities of combustimles have been stored at many points in the city and the plot was so well arranged that tremendous damage would have been the inevitable result.

The militants planned to set forth from several points at a given hour on a date which has not been learned definitely. The plan was to start fires in the main business section of London, in the West End district, in several government buildings and in what is known as the fire zone, a very congested area.

The police has discovered thousands of tubes of phosphorus, quantities of fire lighters and large stores of chemicals, all of which were to be used in the arson campaign.

Sir Aemilius Irving, treasurer of the Upper Canada Law Society, is now in his 90th year, and despite his great age, has been at the society's quarters practically every day since he was first elected, in 1893.

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ENGLISHMEN SING PRAISES OF PAGE

New American Ambassador Makes His Presence Felt in London.

London, July 2.—Ambassador Page is making his presence felt in London. At the luncheon given him by the American Business Men's Club at the Savoy this week he recalled the story of an Omerican ambassador in London who was asked whether he owned himself to the English or to the Americans, the answer of course being that he belonged to both. Page is playing the double role ideally. All Englishmen who have met him unite in singing his praises, while the American resident here agree that nothing could be more satisfactory than the way wherein he has assured them that he will always be at home to them at the embassy. With visiting Americans, also, Mr. Page has made himself most popular. For months past, as a result of the suffragette outrages, the principal palaces, art museums and other places of historic interest have been tightly closed on orders from the British authorities, who fear that the nation's art treasures would either be destroyed or injured. During the entire season Victoria street has been receiving complaints that half of the palaces mentioned in Baedeker are closed and that even in those palaces where the rule is inffective, uniformed officials follow women visitors about suspiciously, watching to see whether a hammer is concealed on the person. It made no difference that the women were accomapnied by men; they might be suffragettes in disguise, or at the best militant sympathizers.

Yankees Exasperated.

The closing rule made little difference with Britons, who are as enthusiastic over a visit to the British museum as the average New Yorker is over a trip to the statute of liberty's arm, but when the American summer invasion began, the officials on duty in the prohibited places had to deliver long arguments to exasperated Yankees on their rights in the matter.

Ambassador Page this week took up the question with the Lord Chamberlain's office to see if some method could be devised whereby his compatriots, and especially those visiting England for the first time, might be allowed to visit places they had heard of all their lives and came over especially to see. To his great satisfaction he found the lord chamberlain quite willing to discuss the situation, for he previously had received a communication that the guards were becoming weary of trying to meet the American visitors' arguments. A settlement favoring the Americans was reached whereby the embassy takes charge of the situation. The present situation is that any American wishing to visit prohibited places goes to the embassy offices, where he shows credentials that he is the person he represents himself to be and receives a card bearing the lord chamberlain's stamp which opens any closed doors. The embassy stands sponsor that all suffragette weapons have been left at home and takes a written guarantee from the card bearer that his round of visits shall be peaceful and for the purpose of sightseeing and mental improvement only. Notice to this effect has been posted in the embassy offices and the guards at Hampton Court Palace and various picture galleries are relieved that they can "pass the Yankees."

Likes His New Position.

Ambassador Page says he is greatly pleased with his new position and finds the work extremely congenial. His social duties, which are different and greater than he ever attempted before, he says, are very interesting and pleasant and he is greatly pleased with his reception by the British people. His welcome, he asserts, has been sincere and indicative of friendly feeling toward America. Mr. Page said he had been disappointed because he had not been able to conclude negotiations for a home before the arrival of Mrs. Page next Friday on the Adriatic, inasmuch as the tenants do not want to give up the house until the end of the season on August 1. This naturally interferes with any large entertaining on his part before autumn. His only complaint is that he finds it is not ambassadorial etiquette for him to do anything for himself and that he must also take his recreation on the sly. On account of the many social functions he has been obliged to change his mode of life by sleeping later in the morning.

The entire embassy staff, including Frank Page, was amused this week by a caller who desired a passport to Russia. Clerk Hodson, who filled out the form, asked the applicant's height and received this reply: "Oh, anywhere between five nine and six feet one inch." Hodson demanded an explanation and the visitor gave an exhibition of growing several inches in a few minutes. He then explained that he was Clarence Willard, of Painesville, O., better known in America as "Willard, the Man Who Grows," and that he makes a living by exhibiting himself in public. Willard got a passport with his minimum height recorded and said he would make himself small while crossing the Russian frontier. He then gave an exhibition in the embassy offices.

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BRANDS HUERTA AS AN ASSASSIN

Senator Fall Would Lift the Ban on Shipments of Arms to Mexico.

Washington, July 3.—In a speech bitterly denouncing Provisional President Huerta of Mexico as a "traitorous and treacherous assassin," Senator Fall of New Mexico today argued for the repeal of the joint resolution permitting the president to forbid the shipment of arms and ammunition into that country. Senator Fall has large mining interests in Mexico, and is a member of the select committee headed by Senator William Alden Smith, appointed to investigate the charges that American capitalists had financed both the Mexican revolutions.

That committee has made no report, but Senator Fall said today that information received by the committee and from private sources which he dared not divulge had convinced him that no money had been sent from the United States to the revolutionists. The effect of the President's order preventing the shipment of arms, he said, had been to destroy the feeling of friendship for Americans that formerly prevailed.

That order, said Senator Fall, had always been in favor of one of the two contending factions. Mexicans realized, he said, that intervention was not contemplated, so that the feeling of animosity aroused by the restriction of shipments had been unrestrained by fear. American property, he said, had been ruthlessly destroyed, while the property of citizens of other countries had been scrupulously guarded.

Senator Fall said he believed the Madero revolt had been financed in part at least, with $350,000 which Gustavo Madero had obtained by a bond issue, ostensibly to build the Mexico Central aRilroad in Zacatecas.

By witholding exportation of arms to the revolutionists after Madero came into power, Mr. Fall said the United States had earned the enmity of 80 per cent of the Mexican population, with the result that Americans there had been held for ransom and outraged.

Mr. Fall was interrupted by a suggestion from Senator Smith of Arizona. Mr. Smith said emphatically that depredations against Americans and the imperiling of American lives must cease. Admitting the inability of Mexico to pay pecuniary claims at this time, Mr. Smith suggested that all claims of Americans against Mexico be settled by the cession to the United States of some of Mexico's valuable mining lands along the northern frontier in the states of oCahuila, Nuevo Leon and Tamaulipas.

At the request of Senator Bacon, Chairman of the Foreign relations Committee, the resolution was referred to that committee.

ADDRESED TO WOMEN

IS YOURS A Case of "Nerves?"

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is that of a famous physician unusually experienced in the treating of women's peculiar ailments. For forty years it has been recommended to suffering womankind. Thousands of women can bear witness to its beneficial qualities. Perhaps its aid is all that is required to restore to you perfect health and strength. Now is the time to act, write Dr. R. V. Pierce's, Buffalo.

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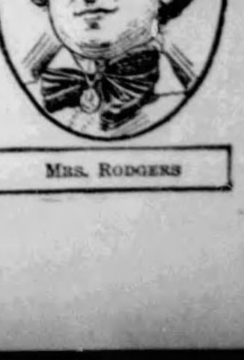
Mrs. Dominic Rodgers, of San Francisco, Calif., writes: "I take pleasure in recommending your wonderful remedies, and wish to say in behalf of your 'Favorite Prescription' and 'Golden Medical Discovery' that through their use I am now cured of the various troubles that a woman is heir to. These remedies cured me when others failed and I therefore resolve to take no other. I thank you for your advice."



Mrs. Rodgers

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The man who rests on his laurels is soon forgotten.

There seems to be no silver lining to that old Balkan war cloud.

To the small boy there is no such thing as an unnecessary noise.

Farmers seem to get along pretty well without any summer vacation.

The interior of a huckleberry pie makes a safe hiding place for a fly.

It never helps the appearance of a woman to wear face powder on one ear.

Opportunity certainly has been doing some loud knocking at the corn crop's door.

Were it not for the flies the Mexican hairless could pose as an ideal summer dog.

The old happy days have gone for Mr. Bryan. He says he is too busy to make speeches.

Sylvia Pankhurst is now leading riots in London. And yet some people have no faith in heredity.

Good intentions will not excuse the man who makes a long speech at a Sunday school picnic.

There seems to be about as much sentiment in eugenic marriages as there is in a horse trade.

Probably there is glory in dying for one's country, but we must get our proof from the testimony of the living.

People in small towns don't have artistic temperaments. There such things are known as disagreeable dispositions.

Never can we forget the days when we worked for a poet-farmer. He never allowed us to miss a beautiful sunrise.

So many derogatory things are being said about Sing Sing that men with any reputation at all will not care to go there.

No one has expressed the least interest in the feelings of the island to which it is proposed to send the London suffragettes.

Andrew Carnegie approves of the proposed currency law. Maybe it is the kind that will assist him in his worthy ambition to die poor.

The little things we learn from day to day add to the general average of human intelligence. It is best for the race that we do not imagine that we know it all.

Twelve billion, seventy-one million, four hundred and eighty thousand new postage stamps have been ordered. This means a lot of work for the country's salivary glands.

There always has been some doubt whether the battle of Gettysburg could be numbered among the decisive conflicts of history, but there is no question about the reunion—the war is over.

"Go home and make bombs," a suffragette speaker said to the women of her London audience. How much more motherly it would have sounded for her to have advised them to go home and darn socks.

Styles are changing constantly. An Arkansas girl flagged a train with her sonbonnet and saved it from a wreck. The old red petticoat as a danger signal seems to have gone forever.

Ella Wheeler Wilsox says retrospection lends much sweetness to a faithful life. Retrospection would be all right, Ella, were it not for the fool things we did in the years that have gone by.

In deciding the side-saddle question King George and Queen Mary seem not to have considered the feelings of the horse. We cannot help thinking the noble animal would prefer having his load balanced.

"Speaking of reversals of form, shall we now begin to write it wife and husband?" asks the Chicago News. Perhaps; and that will lead eventually to pepper and salt, eggs and ham, butter and bread, bacon and liver, etc.

SEA-TO-SEA RAILROAD PROSPECTS

Out of the dissolution scheme of the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific railroads which has, at last, met with the approval of the attorney general, may develop new and quite wonderful railroad combinations.

By the terms pleasing to the government, the Union Pacific company is permitted to exchange its Southern Pacific holdings to the Pennsylvania railroad's holdings in Baltimore & Ohio. But the Union Pacific will not have to surrender all of the Southern Pacific property, as the supreme court of the United States in its decision against the merger admitted that the Union Pacific could retain possession of the Central Pacific tracks which come to it through its control of the Southern Pacific. Under the dispensation, the Union Pacific will not be linked with its eastern property of the Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania is a few hundred miles separated from the Southern Pacific lines.

Obviously, the two big companies must look forward to the joining of their properties. From its lines in Kentucky, the Pennsylvania could build to the terminus of the Southern Pacific at New Orleans. The Union Pacific, either from its Kansas division in western Missouri or its Nebraska division terminating at Omaha, could bring itself into direct connection with the Baltimore & Ohio at St. Louis. It cannot be doubted that if there is another period of railroad construction soon these connections will be brought about.

It has been the dream of many captains of the railroad industry to promote and direct a sea-to-sea line in the United States. Perhaps two such lines will come into being at about the same time. The most curious thing about them will be that Uncle Sam, tremulous at the very thought of great combinations of capital, will be directly responsible for the materialization of the dream of the captains.

A DAM OF NIAGARA

The report of the International Waterways Commission, in which is embodied a recommendation for damming Niagara river in order to raise the level of Lake Erie, would have attracted more attention doubtless had lake levels been low. It happened, however, that the lake is now unusually high, thanks to the floods of last March, and the need of a dam at Niagara seems somewhat remote.

Nevertheless, this scheme is one of immense importance to the lake shipping trade and to the lake ports. In the west end of Lake Erie, for instance, we are largely at the mercy of the prevailing southwest winds. When these winds blow strongly or blow continuously for several days the level of Maumee bay and Maumee river is so reduced as to make difficulties for the larger freighters. Dredging is helping a good deal, but that would be incomparable to the good which would be performed by a permanent increase in the lake level sufficient to offset the effect of the southwest wind. It should be explained that the increase, as estimated by the waterways commission, would not be enough to endanger property or lend power to the waves where they are cutting into the shores.

Ten years has been given to the study. It may be taken for granted then that none of the recommendations are either in error as to their estimates or are at all impracticable.

THE LAW OF THE AIR

By a decision handed down in Paris, an aeronaut is ordered to pay $3,000 damages for causing his aeroplane to come into collision with another flying machine while the two were making exhibition flights at a meet in Italy.

There have been several lawsuits over patent rights in aeroplanes and airships, and we have heard of one or two connected with charges of breach of contract against birdmen. But this suit, we believe, is the first one developing out of the mishaps which have seemed inseparable from the sport of aeronautics. It may indicate two things—that the science of flying has gone so far that it is now possible to fix responsibility for accidents, or that the lawyers have come to the conclusion that they might as well make a beginning of that new litigation whose possibilities have so far only been guessed.

We may expect lawsuit to follow lawsuit until there are tons of records, learned works upon the law of the air, some gropings of understandings as to the proper conduct of birdmen while aloft, the rights of persons upon whom aeroplanes may chance to fall or drop things, the rules of the aerial road solidified into law and decisions, tremenduously, solemn and important, make it known who owns the air.

MACADAM ROADS OBSOLETE

One of the many revolutionary effects of the automobile has been that of making the time-tried macadam system of road-building one of the poorest and most expensive systems which road-builders of today could adopt.

It has been recognized for some time that the automobile tires have the trick of sucking the binding of dust and fine stone from around the larger stones of a macadam roadway. This is highly damaging in itself, but it is worse yet in that it leaves the roads open to the cutting effect of heavy rain and the rivulets formed from melting snow. But no accurate data has been obtainable until recently which would show just how hurtful the motor car traffic is to macadam. We find in the Municipal Journal the report of a Massachusetts expert showing that between 1908 and 1912 inclusive, the city of New Bedford rebuilt six times as much of its macadam streets as it rebuilt in the five years previous. The city began the oiling of stone roads in 1908, but this, while plainly prolonging the life of the pavement, could not offset the tremendous increase in the wear and tear caused by the automobiles.

The destructive force of the automobile has probably been in about the same ratio throughout the country. Clearly it is a senseless thing to pile taxes on motor vehicles with the idea of meeting the increased maintenance charges. What is wanted is not more money to keep up roads, but roads which are immune to the particular form of destruction which automobiles do. The macadam system, efficient as it has been in meeting the needs of horse traffic, must be abandoned.

'ROUND THE WORLD IN 35 DAYS.

It was in 1889 that Nellie Bly circled the globe and bettered the time of Jules Verne's imaginary hero by something more than seven days. This record stood until 1903, Henry Frederick breaking it then by making the long journey in 54 days, 7 hours and 20 minutes. In 1911, a French journalist, Andre Jaeger-Schmidt, cut the Jules Verne figures in half, with four hours to spare.

Last week John Henry Mears, of the staff of the New York Evening Sun, started upon an attempt to reduce the round-the-world record to 35 days. To do this, he has to make several caught-on-the-fly connections between railroads and steampships, spend every one of his sleeping hours in travel, avoid the delays that fussy customs officers might cause, keep his health and his nerve and lay out his employers' money with a free hand.

The record can be made easily—on paper. But it rests upon the stability of time tables, the reliability of machinery and the globe-trotter's endurance. The journey will be a hard test of the organization, comforts and conveniences of modern transportation.

PAY DIRT FOR LOBBY SEARCH

Calling Mulhall a scandalous liar, the newspapers which print his charges sensation-mongers, and the people who want to know the truth about these things, a pack of defamers, will not clean the garments of the men caught in the splashings of the exposure.

There will have to be a better defense than this or some men, in public life and out, will go to their graves marked with shame.

One effect of the Mulhall confessions is that of bringing into view a little more of that "invisible government" against which the Progressives pitted their forces last year. Here is revealed a part of that secret background from which wires were pulled and at whose direction puppets were made to dance and cavort. Here is revealed that citizenship which howled for the disarming of its enemy and carried concealed the most treacherous of weapons, which supported Republicans or Democrats impartially as Republican or Democrat was "friendly" which was loyal to only one institution—Itself.

Here—in brief—is something that looks like that pay dirt the lobby investigators have been digging for.

It necessarily follows that some injustices have been done and will be done to individuals by Mulhall's exposures. For the National Manufacturers Association must contain a large percentage of men who have not known in the least what was done with their subscriptions. Congress has contained many men who voted as the association wanted them to vote because that was the way their conscience lay and they were unacquainted with the manipulation going on behind them. Besides, Mulhall is no high example of human probity and, for effect, may have shot with a blunderbuss.

The lobby investigation, in addition to raking over all this muck, should give the fullest opportunity to individuals to set themselves right with their neighbors and their country.

In the end, a full investigation can but prove of great good to the nation, removing one more of those props on which has rested the "invisible government."

CANCER A CURABLE DISEASE.

With the conservatism of the physician and surgeon whom time has taught the infinite complexities of his profession, Dr. William J. Mayo speaks thus of cancer of the stomach:

> After eighteen years of special investigation of cancer of the stomach we are assured that it is a curable disease. Nearly one-third of all cancers occur in the stomach, so our investigation proves that cancer is a curable disease. Of course, cancer of the stomach cannot be cured in all cases. Out of 1,000 cases operated on from 1894 to December 31 last, 378 resulted in cures, 246 patients were improved and their lives prolonged and 376 were given up as hopeless after exploratory operations. Perhaps all of these cases could have been cured if the disease had been diagnosed in time.

From time to time have come cautious statements indicating that clearer understanding has been reached as to the nature and origin of cancer and, less frequently, a word or two of hope that ultimately its cure will be discovered. But nothing from an authoritative source has been quite as emphatic as this assurance of Dr. Mayo's. It represents one of the real mile posts in the conquest of the disease which probably possesses more of terror for humanity than all other ailments put together.

ABOUT EATING.

Dr. Woods Huntchinson points ut that Madame Bernhardt and Miss Marie Corelli are both of them consistent followers of the rules of vegetarianism. But one is slim and the other—anyway, quite the contrary. From this and other observations, the doctor is convinced that there is no special virtue in dietary schemes.

Yet Dr. Hutchinson need not entertain the idea that he can kill off any of the systems of eating which are lectured upon, preached about, written up in the magazines and laid down as ethical duties. They are too firmly established to succumb to the attacks of facts. They have their origin in that passion of mankind for bringing all persons around to one's way of dressing, talking, working and thinking. They are founded upon the firm foundations of the principle that "what I do is the right thing. What I don't do is absolutely wrong."

There will be zealous advocates of vegetarianism, grape-eating, sour-milk drinking and even of the starvation cure long after Dr. Woods Hutchinson is dead and buried and his writing returned to the paper mill. For there will be people who find that they thrive on an exclusive vegetable diet, that they are cured by eating grapes and that their stomachs do not object to sour milk. And straightway, from their individual experiences, they will lay down regulations of eating for the guidance of all humanity.

That is the way of the world.

NEW RECORDS IN STEEL.

Up to 1905, the United States had never produced as much as 15,000,000 tons of steel in any one year, and yet for some time the country had been thinking of itself complacently as a considerable of a producer. In 1905, production took a spurt. It reached the figure 20,023,947. It was an occasion for celebration and it will be remembered that about that time people were boasting that this nation was well-night fathomless when it came to natural resources. In 1906, the record of 1905 was beaten by more than 3,000,000 tons. The year 1907 did very nearly as well, but would have done better if it hadn't been for that panic which came along in the fall.

The United States may now look back upon the great records of 1906 and 1907 almost as contemptuously as in 1905 she looked back upon yearly reports under 15,000,000 tons. The statistics of 1912, just issued, show that last year, 31,251,303 tons of steel were turned out of American mills. It is further shown that Germany and great Britain together did not produce as much. The rest of the world probably did not make as much steel combined as the United States did in 1912.

These figures are of interest to northern Ohio, because, by ways not always traceable, our prosperity is linked with the prosperity of the steel industry. In recent years steel has been taken as an index of business for all the country. Applied so widely, it is probably an uncertain index. But it is surely true that as the mills are busy, so is all other industry in this section busy.

LOST PEOPLE.

Time was when a lost people could be planted here and there all over the world's surface and, whether you were promoting a hoax, a religion or the cause of literature, you could make an impression.

Sir John Mandeville and Marca Polo were particularly industrious at this business and enjoyed an enormous vogue. In between lost peoples they planted headless people and one-legged tribes and such folk so that the thread of interest in the books they wrote should not be broken. The Mormons got trace in a supernatural way of some other wanderers and so we have the temple of Salt Lake, Senator Smoot and an occasional investigation of polygamy. Mayo and Haggard beat exploration to the heart of Africa and for a time there were none to dispute the possibility that civilization had straggled away and got cornered where the geographies of today show us there are only swamps and dark forests.

The world now is pretty thoroughly mapped. There are few places left in which lost peoples can stay lost. Their existence as such depended upon isolation and the world's ignorance of its own globe. That is why perhaps in the newest hunt for the strayed or stolen the inhospitable Arctic has to be invaded. Only there can any one hope to get the material to satisfy what is apparently on inherent human hankering for lost peoples.

A STUDY OF MUTTON.

The United States department of agriculture has found that the American people are inclined to think that the only edible parts of a sheep are the chops. They order chops from the butcher until he is hard put to it to keep his shop provided and they let other cuts go which would be better for eating and a good deal less wearing on the family income.

For the purpose of popularizing the use of mutton, or rather to repopularize it, the agricultural department has issued a bulletin. It describes the different cuts, their food value and the ways in which they may be cooked, laying particular stress upon the economies involved. Attention is called to the fact that the carcass of a sheep, unlike that of beef or pork, may be purchased by the half, or the quarter and conveniently cared for in even a small-sized family refrigerator.

The bulletin is well worth the stamp for the letter asking the government for a copy. One thing it certainly does is to leave an impression on the reader that mutton is good to eat.

Mr. Bryan likes the currency bill. Later it may be discovered that he is its uncle.

Sunday School

A LEADER FROM THE PLAIN PEOPLE

The International Sunday School Lesson for July 13 is "Moses Prepared for His Work." Ex. 2.11-25, Acts 7:17-29; Heb. 11:23-27.

By William T. Ellis.

In his rare poem "If," Kipling has the pregnant lines:

> "If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
> And walk with kings—nor lose the common touch."

That is the test of education. The thousands of graduates who have been sent forth from higher schools of learning in the past few weeks can ask themselves few more searching questions than this, 'Have the ties binding us to the common people been strengthened?" The man who has been educated away from his kind, and into any sort of snobbery, has been hurt rather than helped by his education. Training is not for training's sake, but for leadership.

I once accompanied a worker for negro welfare to a negro church in a southern city. The congregation was remarkable, for while not large it was made up of educated negroes, men and women who had been trained for race leadership. But they were not leading. They were a negro aristocracy, and apparently rather proud of the fact that the stream of black humanity which surged past the church door did not find these intellectual meetings congenial. These people were out of touch with their race. In concrete form that incident shows the peril of a wrong conception of the function of education.

Today we study the experience of Moses in his training for leadership. In the school of kings he learned how to deliver slaves. A favorite of royalty, he acquired the best for the sake of his downtrodden race. Moses never forgot that he was sprung from the mass of the common people. He owed a deep debt to the common cause, and he elected, with noblest ambition, to identify himself with his fellow Hebrews, despaired serfs though they were. As the inspired narrative has it, he chose "to suffer afflicition with the people of God rather than to enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season."

Getting Ready for Great Service.

One chivalrous, impulsive deed identified him beyond recall with the cause of the Hebrew slaves and made him an exile, where his training was to be continued in another form. Moses did not understand it, but he was in school to God, and so he had to be sent from the class room of the city to the class room of the wilderness for the sake of a symmetrical equipment.

Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians. The best that could be given by this wonderful civilization to a king's son was the possession of this protege of a princess.

We have but to go to Egypt and read the monuments that were standing in his time to get a new respect for the school in which he was trained.

The magic word "Preparation," shines for all youth from this story of Moses. He did not miss the opportunity to fit himself for the future. The supreme business of existence for youth is preparation. To make ready a clean, straight, wise character for the use of maturity is the purpose of the years that lead to manhood and womanhood. The greatest tomorrow in the world's history is just ahead of us who are alive today. There never was greater need for men and women of vision of purpose and of passion for the public welfare.

A "Special Influence" That Did Not Work.

The tug of a myriad invisible threads which bound him to his own crowd and class were resisted by Moses. He lived in the environment of an aristocrat. The most potent and sinister of all special influences surrounded him, even as it surrounds the rich and the learned today. Moses hobnobbed with royalty, and was not naturally in the way of hearing the cries of the multitude under the yoke.

Today there are a multitude of men in the same case who have not the Moses' wisdom to effect deliverance. Rich men meet chiefly rich men. We all travel with our own crowd. Legislators and judges too often associate only with the wealthy, and are blind and deaf to the popular currents surging through the minds of the masses.

There are few offenses in a public man equal to that of being out of touch with his own time.

The Moses story recalls the opportunity that today in unequalled measure presents itself to the young men and women of promise in our land. A rare and mighty work is to be done by the sons and daughters of wealth and preparation who give themselves to a solution of our many problems, which, after all, are at base only human. These knights of the new chivalry are standing in real brotherhood with the toilers, and they are the one sound reason for believing that a crash of class with class will be prevented on this continent.

The Cry That Heaven Hears.

Our day is newly alert to the Old Testament's sense of social justice. All about us are men and women fearlessly, selflessly championing the cause of the oppressed. Equity in social life and in the industrial realm never had more passionate devotees than today. The theme runs through all our magazine literature and through our daily press. All legislators are compelled to give thought to new legislation safeguarding the welfare of the children and the women who toil. The prisoner, the mentally deficient, and all who are in bondage to the thrall of sin, are finding friends and advocates in every walk of society. The glory of our day is that it is permeated by the spirit of the first sermon of Jesus Christ.

The opressions of mankind which have filled the centuries with the sound of weeping since long before the Hebrew slaves in Egypt writhed under the taskmaster's whip has been heard by high heaven, and by all who have aught of heaven in their minds. God is working His purposes out in wonderful emancipation of the oppressed and the suffering.

A Knightly Blow.

One day Moses struck a blow that made him an exile and an emancipator. Our hearts warm to the young Hebrew prince for that deed, although we know that he was hasty and that maturer judgment would have made him patient. Without condoning the act of Moses, may we not speak a word of caution against that cold, calculating spirit which from prudential consideration stifles all brave and chivalrous impulses. Let us be glad of the men who have nothing of the jelly fish in their composition and who dare to blunder because they "abhor that which is evil."

"Occasions do not make heroes; they only reveal them." Back of the blow that Moses struck was the life that he lived and the thoughts that he had been thinking.

A Lesson in Ingratitude.

The first jibe and threat hurled at Moses after he had smitten the Egyptian who oppressed the Hebrew slave came from a Hebrew. That was startling. How it must have made Moses sick at heart. Thousands of readers of these lines can sympathize with him. Men who have served the church have suddenly awakened to find the church, instead of standing loyally by them, become their bitterest critic. Men have devoted themselves to public welfare only to find the crowd voting for some other man who has sought first his own advancement. It is a common experience for good citizens to labor in behalf of the community, to find their motives misjudged and their labors the object of petty nagging and fault finding. Moses drank a bitter cup on that day when the Hebrew reproached him with the murder of the Egyptian.

Every one of us has to be taught equally with Moses, that no man is prepared to serve God or the world in great fashion until he is willing to do so without the favor of men. To learn the lesson of the world's ingratitude is essential to strong, serene service. Otherwise the milk of human kindness turns sour in one's breast. They who greatly love and greatly minister rise to an apprehension of truth that "God is kind to the evil and unfaithful." A higher motive and a higher reward must be sought than the approval of our fellows. The true servant of his kind keeps right on working even as his Master, who cried, "Father forgive them, for they know what they do."

The Exile That Educates.

Moses had to flee. He became one more illustration for that clear message of the fifteen hundred years of Bible history that the human soul is prepared for service by separation. Our own hurried day needs to learn anew this truth of detachment. "The world is too much with us." We are enslaved by many things. Our civilization is suffocating us. Contrast the equipment of Moses for his journey over into Midian, where he was to remain for 40 years, with the outfit which even the simplest of us takes for a summer vacation.

We are cumbered with many things. First we have things; then things have us. Most of us plead that we have not time for meditation or for great books or for leisurely friendships or for prayer or for the Bible, because we have calls to return and clubs and committee meetings to attend, and newspapers to read, and clothes to conform to the new fashion. We are slaves in the treadmill of material trivialities. One good sound reason for God's sending Moses into Midian was that he might get a proper perspective. Like Moses, like Paul, and like Jesus, all of us need to go apart into some desert place awhile.

A Courtesy That Won a Wife.

When Moses fled in haste from Egypt across to the Sinai Peninsula, he had no idea that he was to be gone 40 years, and that not only his destiny, but that of a race was to be affected by the act. We cannot tell what hinges upon our turning to the right instead of to the left, as we come to crossroads. Every few days we read in the papers of somebody left a fortune because of a forgotten act of kindness to a needy person.

Up in Midian Moses showed his chivalry of character by driving away the shepherds who were rude to some young women at the well. Because of that act he found friendship and a wife, and a home in Midian. Thus he came to know the Sinai land intimately, so that he could later lead the emancipated Hebrews thither.

New Zealand's export trade in butter and cheese for 1912 increased by nearly $5,000,000 over the year before, and these two articles are rapidly overtaking the frozen meat export business.

OLD BOOK BRINGS $2,000

First Edition of Poe Was Used to Prop a Bureau.

Long used to prop a bureau that in days now distant had lost a caster, a book brought $2,000 to two aged women and joy to the heart of a collector of old volumes, who announced that another "first edition" of Edgar Allan Poe's second work, Al Aarrf, had been found.

The women, a mother and daughter, had called John T. Loomis, a second-hand dealer to their rooms to look over a small library they possessed. The offering did not attract the man and he was leaving when he saw a cardboard-bound volume under the edge of a bureau.

"What is this," he asked, stooping.

"That's nothing," said the daughter. "It's by Mr. Poe. He used to call on Adeline and Alvina Wolfe, two ladies who lived in Baltimore, and he gave it to them. It fell very flat when it was published." Loomis could have had it virtually for nothing. Instead, he gave the women $2,000. A first edition copy of the work recently brought $2,700 at auction."

Reminder of Jackson

ONE of the "coffin handbills," famous in the first campaign of Andrew Jackson for the presidency of the United States, in 1828, is in possession of Mrs. W. H. Hoffman of Hartford. She found it in the papers of her father, the late Cicero Phelps, who died at Poquonock in 1858. The bill in all seriousness questions the fitness of Gen. Jackson for the presidency, and when it is remembered that "Old Hickory" was twice elected President after the appearance of this bill its potency as campaign literature is shown to have been not very damaging to the candidate.

It picks out the date, January 22, 1815, as the date of honors being showered upon the hero of New Orleans, and also as the date of the order of execution of Jacob Webb, David Morrow, John Harris, Henry Lewis, David Hunt and Edward Lindsey, six militiamen, who were condemned to die, by court-martial, and the order signed by Gen. Jackson.

There is also reference to one John Woods, a soldier, who was tried for insubordination, convicted and condemned to die by court-martial, Gen. Jackson saying that he would not pardon the man if the court-martial condemned him, but he actually did offer to pardon the man if he would enlist in the regular army.

A signed statement by Thomas Hart Benton, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Thiry-ninth Infantry, and a member of the United States senate in 1818, tells of the affray in which he, his brother, Jesse Benton—afterward a congressman, and the father of Gen. John C. Fremont's wife—and Gen. Jackson were implicated on September 4, 1818. There were pistols and knives in that affair, which happened "in the town of Nashville."

The campaign bill carries a heavy black border and is embellished at decorative points with a dozen or more silhouettes of black coffins. Jackson's treatment of the warring Indians is also the subject of an article. Those were strenuous days in the Blue Grass State and the southwest, but the opponents of Gen. Jackson sought to make him out as unusually bloodthirsty.

Indiana "Sweating Stone."

Indianapolis News.

The "sweating stone" on the farm of John Owens, near Columbus, Ind., never fails to give a correct forecast of rain. Seventy-five years ago a barn was built on the Owens farm, and one of the stones used in the foundation is what is known throughout that part of the county as the "sweating stone." Usually a day or two before a rain this stone begins to sweat. Moisture oozes from it and trickles down the sides.

Yesterday morning the stone began to sweat, and Owens called some of his neighbors and informed them that there would be rain within a short time. Rain came in the afternoon.

Duluth each year manufactures goods valued at $22,000,000.

Buffalo has 212,502 males and 211,213 females in its population.

Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune.

TEN THOUSAND A YEAR—By Samuel Warren.

TITTLEBAT TITMOUSE was a scrubby little clerk in a London dry goods store. His salary was $175 a year and much of it went in gaudy clothes and cheap dissipation. He had wild longings for wealth and to cut a dash in the gay world.

Then one day Mr. Tittlebat was notied by a shady lawyer named Gammon that he was heir to the big country estate of Yatton and to an income of 10,000 pounds ($50,000) a year.

This property had belonged to Charles Aubrey, who lived at Yatton with his wife and children and his pretty sister, Kate Aubrey. They were liked and respected and Yatton had long been in their family.

But Gammon had come upon certain old documents that seemed to prove the land and its income belonged by right to an older and more obscure branch of the family—a branch of which Tittlebat Titmouse was the sole survivor.

Tittlebat entered at once into the enjoyment of his new found wealth. He launched upon a career of showy vulgarity and dissipation that was the joke of all the neighboring county families and that made his fortune melt like snow in July. Gammon got rich pickings from the transaction and proceeded to sue Charles for the back revenues of Yatton that had accrued during the years of the Aubrey occupancy.

Aubrey could not pay this enormous sum—$300,000 and more. He was penniless and hounded, and the debtor's prison yawned for him. But Gammon had meantime fallen in love with Kate Aubrey, and to further his suit for her he eased up for a while his persecution of her brother. Kate did not suspect Gammon's motive. And, like Charles, she was grateful for the lawyer's supposed kindness.

Tittlebat by this time was in parliament, where he used to distinguish himself by crowing like a rooster whenever any orator of the opposition party was speaking. This brilliant feat of statesmanship attracted the admiration of the Earl of Dreddington, a scoundrelly old peer, who had no son and whose earldom would under former conditions have passed, at his death, to his distant kinsman, Charles Aubrey. But now Tittlebat was its next heir.

Dreddington had one daughter—Lady Cecilia—a weak, colorless girl, who was wholly under her father's domination. The Earl ordered her to marry Tittlebat. She meekly obeyed, though she loathed the little cad.

Gammon at last summoned courage to propose to Kate. She rejected him in disgust. He begged her to reconsider, hinting that should she marry him he could restore the Yatton estates to Charles. Kate answered this bribe offer by ordering Gammon from the house.

In a rage, the lawyer had Aubrey thrown into prison for debt. And the family proceeded to endure all the woes and hardships wherewith old time novelists loved to afflict their model characters. But the hint Gammon had given Kate as to his power to restore Yatton to Charles bore fruit. Kate mentioned it to her brother's lawyer. The case was reopened.

As a result it was proved that Gammon had been guilty of fraud in foisting off Tittlebat Titmouse as the rightful heir. Titmouse was not the legal offspring of the family's elder branch, and he had no claim whatever to Yatton.

Aubrey was reinstated and once more took possession of his former home and of so much of his former wealth as Tittlebat had not squandered. Soon afterward he inherited the Dreddington title.

Gammon, confronted with the imposture and with other crimes, dodged legal punishment by killing himself. Cecilia had already died from shock at learning her husband's true position. And Tittlebat, seeing himself on the brink of ruin, had the effrontry to propose to Kate. His proposal was too ridiculous to be considered an insult, and was received as a joke by the Aubreys.

Charles, on coming into his property, settled a small income on the luckless Titmouse. But the latter was already swamped in debt and his creditors had him jailed. On his release Tittlebat injured his head in a street fight and went violently insane. He ended his meteoric career in an asylum.

VARIETIES

Almonds are high in nutritive quality.

Illinois leads in the amount of internal revenue receipts.

American vapor gas street lamps are being tried in Jerusalem.

France is talking of taxing paintings every time they change hands.

A cap which fits any head has been invented recently.

Watermelon seeds are regarded as a delicacy in China.

New Yorkers are said to expend $35,000,000 a year in charities.

The public debt of this country per capita at the last calculation was $10.74.

Peanuts are grown in Spain in the province of Valencia and Alicante.

Regarded medically, strawberry wine is held to be superior to grape wine.

Russia has 1,400 acres of tea plantations, and the acreage is increasing constantly.

As early as 1729, at least, oysters were grown by artificial means in Japan.

Milwaukee is to have a new county hospital, to cost $600,000.

There are four thousand employes in the government printing office.

Of the population of Hungary, more than 70 per cent is engaged in agricultural pursuits.

The present rate of timber cutting in this country is three times that of the growth.

Calvin Silvermale, age 90, of Winsted, Conn., has used tobacco 80 years.

From 1876 to 1910 more than half a million persons left Norway, mainly for the United States.

A German has invented a stretcher improvised from a bicycle and other material used by an army.

Pennsylvania is preparing to reforest wide areas of the 13,000,000 acres in the state unsuited to agriculture.

A mammoth oil-driven harvester that is being tried on Australian wheat fields strips about 60 acres a day.

Apparatus by which gas lamps can be lighted and extinguished by wireless waves has been invented in Germany.

The Netherlands bank again in 1912 increased its holdings of gold which at the close of the year amounted to $64,400,000.

An American engineer seems to have solved the problem of building a tunnel under the English channel.

Releasing a spring in the handle permits a new form of mop to be reversed to present a clean side for use.

In a new French telephone a second microphone is provided to catch the sounds which come from its user's nose.

Permits have been granted for the development of 700,000-horse power within the national forests of California.

With portable wireless apparatus the Swedish army has established communication over distances of [illegible] miles by day and of 360 miles at night.

Italian army engineers will sink a large number of artesian wells in an endeavor to convert a large area of desert land in Tripoli into an oasis by irrigation.

Though school slates have been thought to be out of date, more than 4,400,000 of them were manufactured in the United States last year.

Fewer Germans emigrated to other lands last year than in any year since the formation of the empire in 1871, the number leaving the fatherland being 18,545.

The exports of Swiss machinery in 1911 were valued at $16,092,557, as compared with $17,773,341 in 1912, an increase of $1,680,784.

Except in the Indian service British army nurses are not allowed to dance in the stations where they are at work. The order was issued two years ago.

Lord Strathcona has given $100,000 for the purchase of a site for a drill hall, to be used exclusively by students of McGill University in Montreal.

Experiments by aquarium experts have indicated that salt water baths will cure some ills of fresh water fish while fresh water makes sick deep sea denizens well.

The rice crop of Burma is harvested from October to December. Heavy floods in August and September, 1912, destroyed the crops in extensive areas of Lower Burma.

The harbor of Reykjavik, in Iceland, is to have a railway built about it so as to facilitate the transport of freight and ease the congestion due to old-fashioned methods.

During 1912, 368 vessels engaged in the foreign trade entered the port of Rangoon, with an aggregate tonnage of 1,039,033, as against 340 vessels of 935,272 tons in 1911.

Oil engine propulsion for ocean going vessels has reached so successful a stage that a $5,000,000 company has been organized in London to operate lines of freight ships of that type.

The British embassy at Tokio reports that, according to the latest information obtainable, the output of crude petroleum in Japan during 1912 was roughly 1,455,000 koku ([illegible] gallons).

Official figures, recently compiled, place the cement production of the United States last year at [illegible] barrels, which is a new high record and an increase of more than [illegible] barrels in a year.

Photographers now receive light very similar to that through the traditional studio skylight by vapor tube electric lamps filled with carbon dioxide instead of mercury vapor.

Some railways use electric power for heating trains. Part of them use the current directly in the heaters, as is done in trolley cars in some cities. Others use an electric boiler.

A balloon carrying recording instruments, sent up by an Italian scientist, reached an altitude of 23 miles and found the coldest temperature, [illegible] degrees below zero, 12 miles up.

A new printing, gumming and perforating machine in the bureau of engraving and printing at Washington turns out a mile of finished postage stamps every five minutes.

Pyrotechnic performances in Italy are usually ordered by municipalities. In southern Italy they are very frequent, and every fair or holiday serves as a call for them.

Owing to abnormal conditions prevailing in the rice market in Japan the poorer people are looking to other foodstuffs for their main diet. Manchurian millet is rapidly growing in favor.

The PEACE PAGE.

MARTHA HOLDEN — EDITOR

THE LAUNCH-OUT CLUB

By Martha Holden.

Everybody liked to go to Brisch's. They had an up-to-date farm home, where were three grown daughters to help an energetic mother keep it spick and span. The girls had all been away to school. They played the piano, read good books and were generally agreeable.

The house stood well back from the road, with a wide stretch of lawn. An arch of rambler roses was the chief object of admiration today, and the feast was spread near it, so that all might enjoy its fleeting beauty. Neighborhood picnics were usual in this section; every woman kept a basket ready, with paper napkins and cups, pasteboard plates and oil paper boxes—"as little work as possible," was the motto of these out door festivities.

All the members, old and young, of six families were there; the so-called best people of the community.

As Ruth, Rachel and Jim drove in they saw Mrs. Trent and Lizzie laying the cloth on the lawn. Jim hurried over with their basket and then joined the men on the veranda.

"I brought some of my new strawberry preserves," said Mrs. Baker, a housewife who always took a prize for canned fruit at the county fair.

"I started with some of mine," said Ruth, "but left them on the way. I stopped a minute to see how Mrs. Garver and her new baby were getting along and the five other little Garvers looked so wistful that I left the jam. I don't believe they have it as often as we do."

The group of women, busy with the table setting, immediately took up the subject of the Garvers, one of the poor families of this prosperous neighborhood.

"He's so shiftlesss," said Mrs. Baker. "She's so dirty," sighed Mrs. Trent. "The children are pretty," said Lizzie Brisch.

"But I can't bear to touch one of them," said Alice Brisch, "they're always sticky."

"Oh, dear why can't people be clean?" and little Mrs. Traxler took the oil paper wrappings off some golden brown fried chicken and hurried off to wash her lemons for the lemonade.

"Can't we do something to help the Garvers?" asked serious-eyed Mildred Brisch. "Really help them, I mean; we give them clothes and food, and playthings at Christmas. But that's only temporary."

"I know it," said Mrs. Mehitable Brown, who was arranging sweet honeysuckle branches on the white linen. "I sometimes feel guilty at our good times together, when I think of people like the Garvers. There are two or three families of bright-looking children living in those shanties at the edge of town, too, that I'd like to do things for."

"Let's have a picnic for them next time and keep on trying to see what we can do to make them good citizens," said Ruth.

"Rachel, can't you give us some ideas? It seems easier to work with such people in the city than in the country, though."

"Why not form yourselves into a club?" asked Rachel. "That's the way a few or us did—we found we were getting selfish, just meeting each other at afternoon affairs and church and places where we all like to go.

"We decided we ought to share a little with people less fortunate; so we organized our 'Launch-Out Club.' It was launching out, not only into the deep, but into the dark for most of us, but we have made a success of it and are beginning to be useful."

Here Mrs. Traxler came out of the kitchen with a tinkling pitcher of lemonade, and Mrs. Brisch followed with a pot of hot tea, while Ruth and Lizzie went to call the men to a table filled with temptig picnic viands.

After the jolly supper, when all the baskets had been repacked and after the usual concert, in which young and old sang together the dear familiar songs, a group of young women drew their chairs close in one corner of the big veranha.

It was a pleasant evening, with a full moon sifting its white beams through fragrant honeysuckle veins and disclosing the bright faces of a dozen wholesome country maids and matrons, whose way of life had lain in pleasant places. Not one of them had felt the limitation of a small room or a tiny dooryard. Broad fields stretched about their dwellings, encircled by noble woodland and poetic hillsides. Beauty was to them so usual a circumstance that they often ignored the splendor of the waving trees, nor heard the whispering of the leaves or the calls of familiar birds. One or two of them had even been known to crochet in the presence of a rainbow, but their hearts were kind and they meant no disrespect to Nature.

Now they were seriously interested for the welfare of the few unfortunate children whom they saw in their drives to and from the town.

Thus was organized, in the moonlight, the "Launch-Out Club," and definitely arranged a plan of action.

(To Be Continued.)

THE COZY CORNER

OUR MOTTO.

Here we meet for
Health, Happiness and
Good Cheer.

A BIG FISH

Dear Peace Page Sisters—Especially those sisters who have all their children at home, those whose dear children can each night on going to bed, say: Good night, Mamma. No matter if the children are grown. The good night is dear to mother just the same as when they were small. I have five dear children, all of them away from home but one daughter. How a mother's heart aches to see them go one by one to do for themselves, and how empty the house is, as each one goes, and leaves the vacant chair at the table and fireside. None of us mothers should fail to realize the pleasure of our children's company while at home. I sometimes think that many of us, could we have penetrated the future with our mind's eye, would have stayed at our childhood's home longer than we did. But that is the way of the world. I also wish to say, in all kindness, that the answer to the scriptural enigma is not a whale but a large fish, prepared by God especially for the mission that it fulfilled. No place in the Bible does it say that this fish was a whale. Will one of the girls of the Gennesse write to me? I have something of interest to say to them.—Mrs. D. C. Belch, R. 28, Southport, Ind.

A BLADE TWIN

I have been an admirer of the Peace Page in the good old Toledo Blade for some time. I was born in 1836 and as The Blade first began that year, it would not insult me to say that we were twins. But I'll omit that declaration for fear of being dubbed an egotist. Yet I will affirm that ever since the days of Petroleum V. Nasby I have endorsed every National Question that has been printed in its columns. Why? Because it has never "slopped over." It has always been as true as the north star is for mariners to guide the ship of state into a safe harbor. Its corps of Peace Page writers cannot be beaten. If they did not endorse its policy, they would not correspond.—L. B. J.

THE BEST FRIEND

My dear old mother lives with us, which makes home bright. She is eighty-five years old, and very childish, but she makes home seem like home, sweet home, to me. Dear readers who have mothers always speak kind words to mother. The best earthly friend is mother.—W. M. P., East Tennessee.

FRIEND OF BLADE FAMILY

My father sent me The Blade as a present nine years ago. My parents, one or the other, took The Blade while "Nasby" was writing, in fact, I think they took it a year after the first issue was published, and my father was a great "booster for The Blade." But mother and father have both passed to the Great Beyond, within 18 months of each other—father not quite a year ago. He was a soldier in the Civil War from '61 to '65, and I have the greatest respect for all of "the boys." I am sending "Blue Bell," "Three Leaves of Shamrock" and "Rally 'Round the Flag," and have nearly all the old war songs and recitations—having learned them when quite small. That is one of my sweetest and most cherished memories of childhood days—that of hearing father and mother sing the old war songs, for they were both fine singers.—From a Reader, N. Dak.

THE GOLDEN RULE

I am going to talk for a while on the subject of "How We Should Treat Others." I think if we would have more letters of this kind it would be a great help to us, at least it is to me, for I do enjoy reading them. If we would just think well, before we do and say many things, whether we would want to be treated that way or not. I am sure we would have more friends than we have. Each one should think well before speaking and acting. Nothing is more disgusting to me than to hear someone talking so good to one's face and as soon as their back is turned, begin to talk evil of them. Many times we hear "well to do" people talking and making fun of the poor, just because they can not dress quite as well as they do. We should treat every one, poor or rich, with respect, and not respect one person above another. God is no respecter of persons. When He was on earth, He was always found teaching and healing the poor.

Our motto as we go through life should be: "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you."—G. McN.

EQUAL INTELLIGENCE

I agree with the "Washington Friend" that boys should be taught the same standard of morals as girls. I respect a praying mother who is trying to train her children in the right way, but if only men are capable of making the laws by which they are to be governed, they should assist in the bringing up of the little ones. Too many men are so interested in politics and worldly things that they leave the praying and the bringing up of their children for their wives.

We should do our best to have a pleasant home and make those around us happy, but if that is our only aim in life I am afraid life will become monotonous. We should have different ambitions in life as well as men. Among the educated people you will find girls equally as intelligent as boys, and where they occupy important positions they fill them with as much honor, and if women are capable of filling the different positions in life, why are they not capable of helping to make the laws by which they are governed?—E. W.

A MOTHER FOR RAZIA

Dear Razia—You just come to my arms. I will mother you, for I know by your letter you are lonely, and you must be a brave little girl to do so much work and take care of brothers and sisters. Now, my dear girl, just look up, for God has promised He will give sufficient strength for every task; don't get so busy with your work as to forget Him. I wish I could be near you, but many miles divide us. But if you wish to write a letter, don't hesitate. Just ask any question you wish. I will endeavor to answer. I want to say that M. I. M.'s letter headed "Woman's Influence" are by thoughts on voting. More prayer for our boys and girls and less noise. From your foster-mother—Mrs. C. C., Cairo, W. Va.

LIFE'S MIRROR

There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave.
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.
Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.
For life is the mirror of king and slave:
'Tis just what you are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

—Madeline S. Bridges.

Our Correspondents

I thank you all for the cards and letters that you have sent me. I have received over 200; they have cheered and comforted me a lot.—Razie of the Country.

Will you please tell Kate the way to hook a rug? First hem her burlap with a narrow hem; put it on a frame same as a quilt; draw rags through tight on under side; leave one inch on top; cut woolen rags, but not cotton; always leave the end of rag on top. I see things on the Peace Page which I enjoy very much.—Clara, Mich.

Would you please publish the hymn "I've two little hands to work for Jesus," and the poem, "A King came into His Garden fair." There is one selection where it speaks of a little one with pitcher, catching, as it were, the tears of its mother. That is not the one I refer to. Some weeks ago you had words of hymn "One of them," and stated it could be used to tune of "Babe of Bethlehem." We have looked through books we have; have inquired of others if they were acquainted with tune and they were not. Can you tell us where or how we can know the tune?—Mr. C. C. Michael, Box 654.

J. M. Johnson, Martel, Tenn., an afflicted boy, asks cards. He is a victim of epilepsy, and too nervous to work.

I should like very much to correspond with Gypsy Bell, as I admire her name so much. I have spent two summers in the mountains of Colorado and think the mountains grand, and I have been to the Pacific coast and think the ocean beautiful.—Little Kansas Sunflower.

Write soon of the mountains and sea.—M. H.

Canning Season Hints

The owner of the largest canning factory in Florida says that the secret of the superior flavor of his guava jelly lies in his method of canning. In summer he cans the juice from well-boiled fruit, and seals, while hot, in gallon jars, whose tops, after being tightly screwed on, are fastened securely by pouring melted shellac around the edges. When cooler weather sets in, the cans are opened and the juice boiled into jelly. The longer the juice is kept the richer will be the jelly.

Another easy way to make jelly is to boil the fruit in a muslin jelly-bag, placing it in a kettle of cold water and boiling until contents of the bag are soft. Lift out and suspend on hook all night to drain.

If grapes are gathered and made up before ripe, the jelly they will make will not be so apt to form crystals of grape sugar. Dead ripe grapes may be used successfully if one-third apple juice is added, and the jelly made in the usual way.

An excellent grape conserve is made as follows: Pulp six pounds of grapes, chop two large apples, put them with the pulp and cook to the soft juice stage. Press through colander and add the skins, five pounds of sugar, one pound of seeded raisins, the grated rind of two oranges and the pulp of three, cut fine. Mix and cook three-quarters of an hour.

To prepare ripe pears for preserving, place the pears in a convenient vessel, cover with boiling pater, put a closely-fitting cover on the kettle and let stand 15 minutes, when the skins will peel off as readily as from a scalded tomato. Cut each peeled pear in halves, and with a sharp-pointed knife remove the core. The heat will have penetrated sufficiently to cause the core to come away easily. Drop the halves in cold water, as quickly as they are peeled, to prevent their turning dark. Preserve in the usual way. This method does away entirely with the sticky, slippery sensation which usually accompanies the peeling of pears, saves half the time ordinarily required, and the finished product is more pleasing by reason of the smooth, even appearance of the fruit.—Emmeline Graves in McCall's Magazine.

LAUGHTER

Laughter is a cheap luxury. Let us all laugh more. One good laugh is worth more than a thousand sighs. A sigh only takes a drop of life blood from the heart; a good laugh puts one more big red drop there. A laugh stirs up the blood, expands the chest, inflates the lungs, stretches the muscles and electrifies the whole system. Man is the only creature endowed with the power of laughter. Animals may grin, but man alone can laugh. Pity the man who lets a day go by without a hearty laugh. "The man who cannot laugh," says Carlyle, "is only fit for treason, stratagems and spoils." To be able to see the funny side of things is a facutly which can be easily cultivated. To appreciate the humorous in things is to live in constant happiness. Many a poor emaciated soul has laughed himself into avoirdupois. Laugher is a good medicine. Laughter is one of the most delightful sounds on earth.

"At all I laugh, he laughs no doubt:
The only difference is, I dare laugh out."

The laughers have been classed under five heads, "the dimplers, the smilers, the grinners, the laughers, the horse-laughers." The last of these bespeaks an empty mind. One may be a laugher without being a horse-laugher. Laugher is a thing you can learn out of school. It costs you nothing; try it.—William Barnes Lower.

HOUSEHOLD

Would you please print a good remedy to kill little black ants?—From a Reader.

To remove wall paper: I removed mine to bare walls by wetting the walls with warm water, letting stand a few minutes, then scraping off with a putty knife. It comes off clean so I could paint the walls. A small whitewash brush is handy to wet it with.—Ora, from Pennsylvania.

To remove painted letters: Before wetting them, cover the lettering thoroughly with grease of any kind, rubbing it in well. Let it lie awhile, then wash with warm water and soap, then place in cold water with soap and boil as any other white goods. I always succeed in removing the most obstinate marks by this method.—M. H., Cochicton, N. Y.

Jessie Wilson to Be the Thirteenth White House Bride

Washington, July 3.—President Wilson's declaration that the generally supposed hoodo "13" was his lucky number and always had been, was recalled by society today in connection with the announcement of the engagement of Miss Jessie Wilson, second daughter of the President and Mrs. Wilson, to Francis B. Sayre, of Lancaster, Pa. The influence of the President's lucky "13," it is believed, extends to the entire Wilson family. For Miss Wilson, engaged in 1913 and to become a matron in 1913, will be the "13th" White House bride.

The first wedding in the White House was during the Madison administration, when in 1811, Miss Lucy Payne Washington became the wife of Judge Todd of Kentucky. Miss Washington was a sister of Mrs. Madison. In the following year Mrs. Madison gave up the White House for the wedding of a cousin, Miss Anna Todd.

Wedding followed after that in the Monroe and Adams administrations until President Jackson set the record for nuptials under official auspices. During his regime three weddings were solemnized. The last wedding was that of Miss Alice Roosevelt to Rep. Nicholas Longworth of Ohio, in 1906.

The only President of the United States to be married in the White House was President Cleveland, who married Miss Frances Folsom there in 1886. The total to date is 12. Miss Wilson's wedding will be the 13th.

MISS JESSIE WILSON.

MERRY-GO-ROUND

TRY TO:

Do all the good you can,
To all the people you can,
In all the ways you can,
Just as long as you can.

Object of the M. G. R.: Mental, moral and social improvement.

A DEAF SCHOOL

I promised to tell you about my deaf school. I went to Indianapolis to school. This school is open to all the deaf of the state free of charge, provided they are of suitable age and capacity and are too deaf to be properly educated in the common schools. Pupils will be considered of proper school age between the years of 8 and 21, but the admission of pupils between the years of 14 and 21 will depend upon circumstances. The pupils are sent home to spend vacation on the day following the close of school.

There are some useful trades—the girls perform housework, cooking and all kinds of needlework, dressmaking and ironing; the boys, typesetting, presswork, carpentry, cabinetmaking, woodturning, painting, glazing, cutting, fitting, making and the repair of shoes, harnessmaking, tinwork, baking, cooking, floriculture, barbering and farming.

The pupils go to school in the morning from 8:20 to 1 o'clock. In the evening they work from 2:30 to 5:30. In the night they study about one hour and then they go to bed.

There are 350 deaf pupils and 25 teachers. The teachers teach the kindergarten to the senior.—Lucy Osborn of Indiana.

ASKS FOR OLD FRIENDS

What has become of Blue Bell of Tennessee? I would like to hear from her and the Gypsy Bell, who wanted to write to some girl 18 or 19 years old. I am 18 and would like to hear from him. I would like to know what all boys and girls are doing this fine weather. I am cooking, washing dishes and hoeing in the garden, and I also go fishing, which I love to do with a crowd of boys and girls, and spend the day. We often go and have a picnic in the woods. I wish all The Blade boys and girls could be with us. I wish some more of the western boys and girls would write again, for I love to hear from them.—Just a Happy Girl, West Virginia.

FROM WILLAMETTE VALLEY

I, too, am a reader of The Blade, and every week enjoy a visit with you all, through the Peace Page. I live in the famous Willamette Valley of Oregon. My home is in a highly favored town—beautiful for location, with fine educational advantages, five churches, pure mountain water, no saloons. I wish that someone living in Kingston or Wyoming, Pa., would join the Peace Page Circle. I am longing to hear from that part of the old historic Wyoming Valley, the home of my early childhood.—Mrs. E. M. S., Oregon.

AN APPEAL

Dear M. G. R's.—Would you listen to a lonesome, sorrowing heart for a moment? From one who has always prided herself on being particularly optimistic, but whose spirit is broken, as she thought it was utterly impossible for it to be.

The three most important events in human life, a marriage, a birth and a death have made Cherokee Girl alone and sorrowing and she would welcome death as a sweet messenger, a link to unite her to the Great Beyond. Roses and lilies are blooming, the earth is beautiful and green, all nature seems rejoicing, but to one in such grief, it seems but a mockery.

May God look down in His great love on such sorrow! For He alone knows our agony.

Maybe some of you have passed this way; if so, I long for your comforting counsel. I feel that I am traveling the way of the cross, and long for the crown. May our sorrowing hearts learn to trust in Him who said: "I will not leave you comfortless; I will come to you." "Cherokee Girl."

Kate N. Smith, Westville, Okla.

Mrs. Smith's address is given that all the M. G. R's may send her some comforting word. I do not know her sorrow, but it is evidently very deep. Let us all show her that we think of her.—M. H.

The Stockmen

In those years the Stockman's Association of Montana was a powerful body. I was the delegate to it from the Little Missouri. The meetings that I attended were held in Miles City, at that time a typical cow town. Stockmen of all kinds attended, including the biggest men in the stock business, men like old Conrad Kohrs, who was and is the finest type of pioneer in all the Rocky Mountain country; and Granville Stewart, who was afterwards appointed minister by Cleveland, I think to the Argentine; and "Hashknife" Simpson, a Texan who had brought his cattle, the Hashknife brand, up the trail into our country. He and I grew to be great friends. I can see him now the first time we met, grinning at me as, none too comfortable, I sat a half-broken horse at the edge of a cattle herd were working. His son Sloan Simpson, went to Harvard, was one of the first-class men in my regiment, and afterwards held my commission as postmaster at Dallas.

At the stockmen's meeting in Miles City, in addition to the big stockmen, there were always hundreds of cowboys galloping up and down the wide dusty streets at every hour of the day and night. It was a picturesque sight during the three days the meeting lasted. There was always at least one big dance at the hotel. There were few dress suits, but there was perfect decorum at the dance, and in the square dances most of the men knew the figures far better than I did. With such a crowd in town, sleeping accommodations of any sort were at a premium, and in the hotel there were two men in every bed. On one occasion I had a roommate whom I never saw, because he always went to bed much later than I did and I always got up much earlier than he did. On the last day, however, he rose at the same time and I saw that he was a man I knew named Carter and nicknamed "Modesty" Carter. He was a stalwart, good-looking fellow, and I was sorry when later I heard that he had been killed in a shooting row.

Advantages of Eating Less Meat

The meat proportion in diet has been too large dietetically and is now too large economically. That proportion should and must be reduced. The nearer science comes to the understanding of what promotes longevity and health and what produces poisons in the human system, senility and death, the clearer the truth becomes that a very little meat is enough to supply the proteid demands of the body, and that all the surplus is not merely an excess that must be gotten rid of by the body, but generally a positive poison.

Some meat is conducive to health and vitality. But much meat is a breeder of noxious acids and a poisoner of the health.

If every family in America were to cut down its meat consumption in a degree to correspond with the advance in the prices for all meat products, the general health would improve, the span of life would lengthen, the physical happiness of the average man would be heightened.—Minneapolis Journal.

A Line a Day

I am a devoted reader of The Blade and find it a very instructive and uplifting paper. Let us hear more of the home—where we are moulded for the great Future.—Blue Bell, of West Va.

I love The Blade and especially the Peace Page. You are surely doing a great deal of good.—Mrs. J. R., Ohio.

I have long been a reader of the Peace Page in The Toledo Blade and like that page better than any of the others.—J. R., Oregon.

I speak from experience and will say be good to your father and mother. The Peace Page is like a cool hand to fevered brow. How true were W. W. D.'s words on Mother. Mine has just died, and I now recall with anguish the things I did to displease her.—L. B., Pa.

I think that every American citizen ought to read The Blade, especially the Peace Page, and learn to scatter sunshine all over this broad country of ours. J. M. I., Tenn.

I regard the Peace Page such a help in so many ways and I think it gets better as time passes.—R. M., Tenn.

I believe your efforts through the Peace Page are making many homes happier and I consider no efforts as noble as those which tend to uplift humanity.—E. A. J., Arkansas.

Left Handed Stone Slingers.

The right hand doubtless owes something of its prominence to the Bible. The Hebrews singled it out for special honor, and the Scriptures contain quite a hundred references in which "the right hand" is made the type and symbol of everything noble, praiseworthy and desirable. It is worth noting, however, that the tribe of Benjamin once boasted 700 left-handed slingers, who "could sling stones to a hair's breadth and not miss," and that among the "mighty men and helpers" of King David were many who "could use both the right hand and the left in hurling stones and shooting arrows with the bow."

BOYS AND GIRLS

A Tar-Heel Lassie.

I am 18 years of age and very small chap at that age. I hope to make friends with many of the little girls of the Cozy Corner. I will try and tell you what sort of a place this little Tar-Heel lives in. I live in Western N. C. County of Yancey. My home is situated near the Black Mountain, one of the largest mountains east of the Rockies where many wild animals make their home. We are blessed with good pure water and refreshing mountain air, which of course, makes us strong and healthy. We are having a new railroad built to a little town near the great Black Mountain where the finest of timber will be carried away.—Martha V. Hutchins, Mirdom, N. C.

A Little Girl's Gift.

I will tell you of a shaving paper book that I made for papa. Take some pieces of tissue paper and then smooth them, cut them in a shape desired, it is pretty to make it the shape of a saucer, making the back of some colored paper, paste a little picture on the cover and tie with baby ribbon. This is for some little girl to make for here papa's Christmas shaving book. I will also tell you of a pin cushion that is nice to make for a Christmas present. Take a piece of wide ribbon long enough to reach across the bureau or any length you want to make your cushion, ruffle with scrim, finish the edge with baby ribbon to match wide ribbon. Put a bow on one corner and put the ribbon diagonally across and tie another bow on other side. Line the wide ribbon with some kind of cloth strong enough to support the cushion. —Hazel Chamberlen, Jefferson, Oregon.

A Young Genealogist.

I am a little girl 12 years old. I live in sight of the Pigeonroost monument. This monument has the picture of the massacre on it. The man that killed the Indians was my great-great-grandfather. My Uncle Will has the gun that grandfather shot the Indians with. The od ancestors were Collinses. There is a graveyard near this monument by the name of Sodom. My great-great-grandfather and my great-grandfather and my grandfather on both sides are buried there. My hobby is music.—Bessie Collins.

From West Virginia.

Friends—I wonder why the jolly adventurer from W. Va. didn't sign his name? Does any one know why. I wonder if William Jones, of Clinchport, Va., got the card I sent him. I will send Lillard Bennett, of Tennessee, a post card if he will publish his address or send me a card. I would like to exchange cards with the boys and girls that think Hattie is a pretty name and would like to exchange cards with girls whose names are Hattie.

With best wishes to all Blade readers, I am Hattie Ray McWorter, R. F. D. No. 3, Box 78, Milton, W. Va.

From Washington.

I like to read your letters. I live out on a ranch that is five miles from Callam Bay. I have three brothers and two sisters. My mother died when my little brother was a little more than half a year old. He is four now. My oldest brother is 16 years old and my brother, just next to me, is 14. I am 12 years old. I do the cooking, the separator things and part of our washing. My two sisters and I have a calf. It is a year old now. It is a small cow. Papa has seven cows and one yearling, three pigs and about 20 chickens. A small river runs near our house. We have great fun fishing for trout and picking wild berries. Good-by for now.—Emma Wickersham.

SHORT AND SWEET.

Anita Watt, Coopersville, Mich., is the daughter of an engineer on an ocean steamer. Write us a letter, Anita, telling about a sea voyage.—M. H.

Mary A. Dent sends thanks for cards. She did not expect so many.

I will send a riddle: What is it that first walks on four legs, next on two legs, next on three legs.—Billie Puentra.

Will Ruby Simons please send her address? I have two letters for her, one from myself and one from a girl friend of mine. They were written May 21, and I have hunted all that time for her address.—Marguerite Arnold, Stockton, N. Y., Box No. 84.

I am a girl 13 years of age and live on a farm in Virginia. One of my brothers and my sister live in Montana. Mamma and I visited there last summer a year ago, and had a fine time. I saw one coyote, three rattlesnakes and quite a number of prairie dog towns.—Louise Howard.

BOYS Let Brown Teach You **How to Pitch FREE** Miner Brown

Boys, grab this chance to become the "find" of the season—the *star pitcher* of your team—the *boy wonder* who easily fans every batter with sensational *big league* curves and terrible shoots—with *burning speed*—and *never a sore arm.* Now, for the first time, you can learn—*from the greatest professional pitcher in the world*—how to burn over those deadly *hook-curves*—jumping *spit-balls*—vicious *fade aways*—etc. Every curve fully explained—any boy can understand. And it—

"Before you've finished these lessons you will know how to pitch every curve" Brown

These wonderful lessons by Brown are heartily endorsed by Frank Chance, Joe Tinker, Griffith, Cobb, Overall—by all leading managers and players. They say—"It's great—every boy should get it—money can't measure its value"—etc. Such praise is absolute proof. Only Work of Its Kind Ever Published

Doesn't Cost You One Cent

to learn how to be a second *Brown, Mathewson, Johnson* or *Walsh*. Think how wild the town will be about you—how they will cheer. They'll want you to be *captain*—you'll be pointed out on the streets—your name will strike terror in the hearts of rival nines. *For Brown will tell you everything.* All the tricks of his craft and cunning—that made him the wizard of flying curves—all this is yours for the asking—FREE.

Send For the First Lesson Now

If you like baseball just *let us know where you are* and the First Lesson *comes to you by return mail*. You can't buy it—you must accept it—FREE. Let Brown start teaching you all these inside "secrets" and "fine points—at once. Yes, this is the same great Brown who won 4 championships and two worlds series for the Chicago Cubs. You couldn't have a better teacher. Delivering a few papers in spare time, earns this costly, complete personal instruction—by mail—no matter where you live—the whole course FREE—doesn't cost you a cent. So send no money—just your name and address on a postal—NOW. Don't delay—address like this.

W. D. BOYCE CO., Dept. 136 CHICAGO

POETS' CORNER

THAT CITY

By Oda Kelton.

I know her walls are jasper,
Her palaces are fair,
And to the sound of harping
The saints are singing there;
I know that living waters
Flow under fruitful trees—
But oh, to make my heaven
It needeth more than these.

Read on the sacred story;
What more doth it unfold
Beside the pearly gateway
And streets of shining gold?
No temple hath that city,
For none is needed there;
No sun, nor moon enlighteneth—
Can darkness then be fair?

Ah! Now the glad revealing,
The crowning joy of all;
What need of other sunlight,
Where God is all in all?
He fills the wide ethereal
With glory all his own—
He whom my soul adoreth—
The Lamb upon the throne.

Oh! Heaven without my Saviour
Would be no heaven to me.
Dark were the walls of jasper,
Rayless the crystal sea;
He gilds earth's darkest valley
With light and joy and peace;
What, then, must be the radiance
When night and death shall cease?

THE GIRL I LEFT BEHIND ME

The dames of France are fond and free,
And Flemish lips are willing,
And soft the maids of Italy,
And Spanish eyes are thrilling;
Still, though I bask beneath their smile,
Their charms they fail to bind me,
And my heart falls back to Erin's Isle,
To the girl I left behind me.

For she's as fair as Shannon's side,
And purer than its water,
But she refused to be my bride
Though many a year I sought her;
Yet, since to France I sailed away,
Her letters oft remind me,
That I promised never to gainsay
The girl I left behind me.

She says "My own dear love, come home,
My friends are rich and many,
Or else, abroad with you I'll roam,
A soldier stout as any;
If you'll not come, nor let me go,
I'll think you have resigned me."
My heart nigh broke when I answered "No,"
To the girl I left behind me.

For never shall my true love brave
A life of war and toiling,
And never as a skulking slave
I'll tread my native soil on;
But, were it free or to be freed,
The battle's close would find me
To Ireland bound, nor message need
From the girl I left behind me.

She was a soldier's sweetheart,
Pure as the morning dew;
Home from the war to wed her,
Hastened the lover true;
Back to the field of conflict,
Duty bade him go,
Kissing his bride, he whispered,
"Soldiers must fight, you know!"

Only a sad, sweet memory;
Darling of bygone years,
Only a dream of you, dear,
Kissing away my tears.
"A soldier's bride should not weep,"
you said,
But how can my heart be light?
I've only a sad, sweet memory,
Darling, of you tonight.

Then came a tender message,
Saying his love was true,
Borne by a wounded comrade:
"These were his words to you;
'For our dear flag and freedom,
Love, I give my life,
Shed not a tear—remember,
You are a soldier's wife.'"

I'LL HANG MY HARP ON A WILLOW TREE

I'll hang my harp on a willow tree,
I'm off to the wars again.
My peaceful home has no charms for me,
The battlefield no pain;
The lady I love will soon be a bride,
With a diadem on her brow,
Oh! why did she flatter my boyish pride,
She's going to leave me now.

She took me away from my warlike lord,
And gave me a silken suit,
I thought no more of my master's sword
When I played on my master's lute;
She seem'd to think me a boy above
Her Pages of low degree,
Oh! had I but lov'd with a boyish love
It would have been better for me.

Then I'll hide in my breast every selfish care,
I'll flush my pale cheek with wine,
When smiles await the bridal pair
I'll hasten to give them mine.
I'll laugh and I'll sing tho' my heart may bleed,
And I'll walk in the festive train,
And if I survive it I'll mount my steed,
And I'll off to the wars again.

But the golden tress of her hair I'll twine,
In my helmet's sable plume,
And then on the field of Palestine,
I'll seek an early doom;
And if by the Saracen's hand I fall,
Mid the noble and the brave,
A tear from my ladylove is all
I ask for the warrior's grave.

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THE FACTORIES

Margaret Widemer, in McClure's.

I have shut my little sister in from life and light,
(For a rose, for a ribbon, for a wreath across my hair).
I have made her restless feet still until the night,
Locked from sweets of summer and from wild spring air;
I who ranged the meadow-lands, free from sun to sun,
Free to sing and pull the buds and watch the far wings fly,
I have bound my sister till her playing time is done—
Oh, my little sister, was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of her day of maidenhood
(For a robe, for a feather, for a trinket's restless spark),
Shut from love till dusk shall fall, how shall she know good,
How shall she pass scathless through the sin-lit dark?
I who could be innocent, I who could be gay,
I who could have love and mirth before the light went by,
I have put my sister in her matin-time away—
Sister, my young sister—was it I?—was it I?

I have robbed my sister of the lips against her breast
(For a coin, for the weaving of my children's lace and lawn),
Feet that pace beside the loom, hands that cannot rest;
How can she know motherhood whose strength is gone?
I who took no heed of her, starved and labor-worn,
I against whose placid heart my sleepy gold-heads lie,
Round my path they cry to me, little souls unborn—
God of life—Creator! It was I! It was I!

THE LITTLE BRONZE BUTTON

Air, Old Oaken Bucket.

How dear to the heart of each gray-headed soldier
Are the thoughts of the days when we still wore the blue,
While memory recalls every trial and danger
And scenes of the past are brought back to his view.
Though long since discarding our arms and equipments,
There's one thing a veteran most surely will note:
The first thing he sees on the form of a comrade
Is the little bronze button he wears on his coat.

Chorus.

The little bronze button,
The sacred bronze button,
The Grand Army button
He wears on his coat.

"How much did it cost?" said a man to a soldier,
"That little flat button you wear on your coat?"
"Ten cents in good money," he answered the stranger,
"And four years of marching and fighting to boot."
The wealth of the world cannot purchase this emblem,
Except that the buyer once wore the brave blue,
And it shows to mankind the full marks of a hero,
A man who to honor and country was true.

Then let us be proud of the little bronze button
And wear it with spirit both loyal and bold;
Fraternally welcome each one who supports it,
With love in our hearts for the comrades of old.
Each day musters out whole battalions of wearers,
And soon will be missed the token so dear
But millions to come will remember with honor
The men who'd the right that bronze button to wear.

THE CALL

By Katharine Tynan.

The unforgotten voices call at twilight,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours:
Voices of mountains and of waters falling,
Voices of wood-doves in the tender valleys,
Voices of flowery meadows, golden corn-fields—
Yea, all the lonely bog-lands have their voices.

Voices of church-bells over the green country,
Memories of home, of youth. O unforgotten!
When all the world's asleep the voices call me,
Come home, acushla, home! Why did you leave us?
The little voices hurt my heart to weeping;
There are small fingers plucking at my heart-strings.

Let me alone, be still, I will not hear you!
Why would I come to find the old places lonely?
They are all gone, the loving, the true-hearted,
Beautiful country of the dead, I come not,
Why would I meet the cold eyes of the stranger?

All the nests of my heart are cold and empty,
I will not come for all your soft compelling,
Little fingers plucking me by the heart-strings,
In the gray dawning, in the quiet night hours,
Because the dead, the darling dead, return not,
And all the nests of my heart are cold and lonely.
They will not give me peace at dawn and twilight.

A LITTLE COMFORTER

By Alice L. Eymann.

"It never rains but it pours," and Ruth,
Who had planned to go for a ride,
Looked gloomily out at the dripping trees
Through the tears she was trying to hide.

"Now, don't you cry," and Sunny Dan
Threw down his marbles and tops,
"Cause grandpa says, and I'm sure he knows,
That it never rains but it stops!"

THE LITTLE PLANT

In the heart of a seed
Buried deep, so deep,
A dear little plant
Lay fast asleep.

Awake, said the sunshine,
And creep to the light,
Awake, said the voice
Of the raindrops bright.

The little plant heard
And arose to see
What this wonderful,
Beautiful world might be.

A Change.

Lovely lady drifted into a congressional conversation the other afternoon, and Timothy Woodruff told of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, who lived in a southern city.

Friends in early youth, according to the story of Mr. Woodruff, they met again a few days ago after a separation of several years. In the meantime Mrs. Smith, like her chum, Mrs. Jones, had married. Naturally their talk eventually drifted in that direction.

"By the way, Minnie," was the remark of Mrs. Jones, "I understand that you have been getting married, too. I think I saw something about it in the newspapers."

"Yes," replied Mrs. Smith, "I have been married nearly five years."

"Is it really so long as that?" returned Mrs. Jones. "I have been married six years. I understand your husband is quite a bibliomaniac."

"Oh, no, not any more," was the prompt rejoinder of Mrs. Smith. "He used to be, but he is on the water wagon now."

New and Striking Scenes From the Bivouacs of Peace

A GROUP OF CONFEDERATE OFFICERS CAPTURE GEN. SICKLES

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YANKEE CAPT. H N BLAKE CONFEDERATE S. B. GENTRY

SHAKING HANDS

CONFEDERATE J. W. GIBSON AND YANKEE N. B. COVERT TELLING HOW 'T WAS DONE

WEALTHY MAN IS CONVICTED

White Slaver, Who Forced Wives to Lead Lives of Shame, Sentenced.

Philadelphia, Pa., July 3.—Harry Haspel, said to be one of the most notorious white slavers in the country, who acknowledges he has acquierd a fortune of $75,000 in white slave traffic during the last four years, today was sentenced to three years and nine months in the penitentiary. A few days ago he was sentenced to 15 months on a similar charge.

According to the testimony of witnesses, Haspel made it a practice of marrying women and then forcing them into lives of shame.

He also is said to have forced his sister to become an inmate in a house of ill fame.

The new sword of the United States army has a blade 37⅞ inches long.

There is a demand among the farmers for a small power propelled plow.

PRESIDENT'S SPEECH AT GETTSYBURG

Gettysburg, July 5.—The President Friday spoke to a crowd estimated at 10,000. Thousands of veterans were in their uniforms of blue or gray, but many in the crowd were Pennsylvanians from Gettysburg and nearby towns. The President's speech was short and he was frequently interrupted by cheers.

President Wilson left by special train shortly before noon for the north.

He said, in part:

"I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But 50 years have gone by since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those 50 years have meant.

Mean Peace and Union.

"What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor, and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as state after state has been added to this our great family of free men! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great nation we love with undivided hearts; how full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those 50 crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

"But do we deem the nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter secrafice. They were willling to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

Action Never Ceases.

"May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united because we contend, not with armies, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places? Are we content to lie still? Does our union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear confidence in choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

"How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you live even today wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by. Here is the nation God has builded by our hands. What shall we do with it? Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow-men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness of love."

Longstreet's Part at Gettysburg Told by Sickles

By Helen Longstreet.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 5.—The nickname, "Old Pete," given Gen. Longstreet at West Point during his cadet days, followed him through his soldier life. When Gen. Longstreet entered the room at Appomattox, where the terms of surrender were being drawn up, Grant quickly crossed the room to his side and slapped him on the back, saying: "Well, 'Old Pete,' can't we get back to the good old days by playing a game of craps?" "Craps" had been their favorite game in their days of comradeship at the United States Military Academy.

On the July day, a half century ago, that marked the death knell of the southern Confederacy, Gen. Longstreet, finding himself unable to utter the order for Pickett to advance, indicated assent by nodding his head when the gallant Virginian rode to his headquarters for orders. All the fighting worthy the name for the southern cause at Gettysburg on the 2d and 3d of July, 1863, was made by Longstreet. Gen. Longstreet was the hardest fighter in the Confederate service. He was easily the superior of Lee as an offensive tactician. Military critics agree that Lee perhaps had no equal on either side as a defensive fighter. Lee had proven himself well nigh invincible before his invasion of Pennsylvania, and when reconciled to the single purpose of defensive fighting. But of the art of war comprehended in offensive fighting Lee was not a master, and this defect wrecked the southern cause on the rocks of Cemetery Heights half a century ago.

Longstreet Opposed Invasion.

General Longstreet opposed the invasion of Pennsylvania. He opposed Pickett's charge. He opposed the attack "up Emmittsburg Road." Longstreet had urged the more promising plan of a movement on the Confederate right to interpose between the Federals and thus compel Gen. Meade to give battle at a disadvantage.

Today I stood on ground once sodden with America's life blood. At my side stood the Union's grim defender who on July 2, 1863, had thrown his blue lines forward and locked the gates against the Confederate hordes that faced him from Seminary Hill. As he gazed across the peach orchard ground and recalled the leg left there when he felt the impact of Confederate steel on the other July day, Gen. Sickles spoke of the charge when 100 cannons of the Federals hurled a rain of canister, grape and shell down upon Pickett's columns marching gallantly to death over the Pennsylvania valley on that long gone summer day.

Pickett's men knew how to die, and as their ranks were cut down they pushed gallantly forward. Half way up the slope, the masses of Federal infantry rose and lit the crest of the hill with a solid wall of flame, through which mortal man could not march. In its crimson glory, the vision of a furled banner was lined beneath the battle flags which still waved triumphantly when the smoke lifted, leaving the flower of the southern army dead on the slopes of Cemetery Ridge.

Sickles Talks of Charge.

Resting on the crest of Cemetery Ridge today his battle fought and his country's victorys won, Gen. Sickles said of Pickett's charge:

"I have always regarded Pickett's charge just as Gen. Longstreet regarded it, as a hopeless attempt to retrieve a lost measure. Longstreet regarded Gettysburg as lost with the second day. Gen. Lee attempted to retrieve it by ordering Gen. Longstreet to make the fatal charge. It is improper to call it Pickett's charge. It was made under the immediate command of Gen. Longstreet who protested against it. Longstreet told Gen. Lee that there was no 15,000 soldiers ever born who could make that march and pierce our center. Nevertheless Gen. Lee ordered the charge to be made.

"General Longstreet, like the good soldier that he was, said, 'Gen. Lee, the charge shall be made, but I cannot with my tongue repeat your command. I will bow my head, when Gen. Pickett comes to learn your orders.'

"General Pickett rode up to Gen. Longstreet and said, 'Shall I advance?' Gen. Longstreet bowed his head.

"After the war I asked Gen. Longstreet why he ordered such a slaughter of his men. 'I obeyed Gen. Lee's positive command,' he replied.

A Useless Sacrifice .

"A command issued against my protest for I knew that the charge would cost a useless sacrifice of thousands of lives.

"It is a far cry to the sunny July day 50 years ago, when 'Old Pete's' nod sent the most gallant division of the Southern army to death in the valley and up the slopes of cemetery ridge. I stood today at Gen. Longstreet's headquarters and I felt his dumb agony as he looked upon the marching columns and knew that it was their death march over the summer land when life was young, the death march which would write across a drooping banner of tender memories the great lost cause of American history.

"With the commander who could not utter the order I saw the waiting homes of the confederacy, the wives and mothers and sisters and sweethearts."

At 2 o'clock today Longstreet's men charged again a thousand strong across the summer valley and up the old death heights on which their comrades found sleep 50 years ago today, maimed, crippled but game still.

The old, gray guard charged cemetery Ridge and at the broken stone wall on the crest, they met the one time enemy beneath our country's ensign, flag of freemen. A world's hopes gladdens and thrills in its red, white and blue. Our heart throbs pulse to its motion. Our prayers will keep it holy. Our love will keep it pure.

Sublime Drama Enacted at Gettysburg

By Helen Longstreet.

GETTYSBURG, PA., July 2.—The tents of America's loyalty are pitched today on the world's greatest battlefield.

Fifty thousand strong, with 10,000 cooks to supply their inner cravings, America's soldiers opened their eyes with the rising sun this morning over miles of gray tents.

The hope and valor of Dixie, undaunted and deathless, gathers here to consecrate anew Gettysburg's sacred soil. The south comes into the land of the one-time enemy with the wreath of immortelles. It is the chivalry of Napoleon at the tomb of Frederick the Great.

These sunny July days of 1913 are scarcely less momentous in the splendor of their promise than the stormy days of 1863, which decreed that the young nation which rose without shame should fall, but fall without dishonor. On this bloody field 50 years ago Americans were showing the world how Americans could fight and die for principles they believed to be eternal. The remains on these rolling lands and picturesque heights that American soldiers wrote across the skies of the western world that Americans can be conquered only by Americans; that Americans surrender only to Americans.

Gettysburg's bugles echo today over a reunited nation. Their music strikes against the dim stars and the sweetness of it and the wonder of it shall make better Americans of us all.

"America, 'Tis of Thee," is the melody of every langourous breeze that sweeps over the gray tents on Gettysburg's field. The glory of it rising here shall track a mighty republic, following the sun to its setting beyond the western seas of a reunited happy nation, writing a story across America's skies which shall make us more ready, if need be, to offer our lives for the advancement of the grand republic along paths of peace and progress. No other nation of the earth, no other race of the world, could enact the sublime drama which the semi-centennial of this field is writing into history.

Bridge a Bloody Left.

Standing on the border lands of eternity, with its shadows touching their bent forms and silvered heads, these last survivors of any army, the like of which the world shall see no more, have gathered here, not northern, not southern, but all American, bridging the bloody rift of the '60s with fraternal unity more ancient than sectionalism, more lasting than hate. To the youths of this nation the insiprational value of this day on Gettysburg's field will outweight the sordid accumulations of all the Rockefellers the world will ever produce.

The heroes, bravely determined, though maimed and crippled, have journeyed here from every state and every territory. Their breasts of faded blue and worn gray bear many brave decorations.

"Where did you lose your arm?" I asked of one soldier in blue who walked a little lamely notwithstanding his brave efforts. "After the battle of Chickamauga," he said. "I was one of 20 sharpshooters detailed to kill Longstreet. He captured us all and I lost my right arm. Did you ever see Longstreet?" he inquired, pathetically. "How sorry I am that he did not live to be here—a valiant figure in gray, bravely erect, though a leg for 50 years has mouldered upon Gettysburg road," he said. "The gloomiest hour of my life was the night of the surrender. It was the black night which followed Ricketts' charge. I always knew after that that defeat was only a question of time and I was glad when the useless bloodshed was over."

Seas of old glory, miles of which stream from every house and dot every hillside, swathing the trees and threading the streets until a loyal canopy of red, white and blue almost conceals the blue eh avens above.

"Oh, isn't it glorious!" I said. "How could you look at the old flag and know its meaning and fire on it?"

The veteran in gray said brokenly as he looked with me upon the thrilling colors of our country's standard, "I didn't stop to think so much about what we were fighting about. My land and my people called to me. They were in trouble. It was about the same as if it had been my mother. Right or wrong, I would rush to her rescue."

"But now you are glad," I said, "glad that you didn't win, glad that the American union lives."

He bared his head and pointing to the glorious sweep of color, said reverently, "That is my flag, the flag of my fathers, the flag of my country, my children's flag forever. God keep it in the skies. It means strength and progress and peace that will endure. It blazed the only road to national happiness and greatness."

No Useless Deaths.

A melancholy-eyed veteran n worn gray, gazing wistfully across Cemetery Ridge, had gone back to the daring days of the long past, lost to the present, oblivious to surroundings.

"If Pickett hadn't made that chrarge we stood a good chance of whipping the damned Yankees."

"But," I said, "it is best for us all that you didn't whip them, and they are no longer Yankees, just Americans, and looking toward the east, shoulder to shoulder, heart beating close ot heart, our country's destiny is our common hope and glory."

"I know all that," he said, "but I just sometimes can't help feeling sad when I think of them brave boys who had to die out there for nothing."

"Oh," I replied. "Nobody ever dies who dies for right as he sees it. The stripes of kindred on the republic's flag are all the deeper and the stars on the standard of a reunited country are all the brighter because of the southern heroes who followed Pickett to death on that field."

The tragic figure of the great reunion, the grim warrior whose life blood on these wind-swept fields on the fateful July day 50 years ago cemented forever the indissoluble union of indestructible states, whose leg was left in front of Longstreet's command on the contested peach orchard field, Gen. Sickles, perhaps was not formally bidden. He was not placed on the program. He was probably not expected. But he came because he could not help coming. On the stormy July day of 1863 when his heroic blood drenched Gettysburg fields as he lapsed for the moment into unconsciousness he saw the radiant colors of his country's standard still stringing over the desired ground which the Gray hordes had failed to take. In its red stripes he saw the fraternal unity of a race whose brotherhood, extending back though the long centuries, had countered the thrones of kings taken and republics and builded.

For the vision he was willing to die in the hour of Amerca's need.

The consummated vision still blesses and shines on the red, white and blue which floats over Gettysburg's field today.

BASEBALL OUTFIT FREE

BOYS! Here is your chance to get a fine baseball outfit, consisting of complete suit, including shirt, pants, cap and belt, good quality, extra well sewed, or combination of big catcher's mitt, fielder's glove, catcher's mask (extra strong and durable) and rubber center ball, big league style, or fine chest protector. **Will Not Cost One Cent.** Send your name and we will send you 8 set of our fine pictures to dispose of at 25 cents each. Send us the $2 you collect and for your trouble will send you outfit as described. **WRITE TODAY** for pictures. No harm done. I take back what you can't sell. **M. O. Seitz, M 52 Chicago**

Over Forty Lose Lives on Fourth

New York, July 5.—While the movement for safety and sanity in the celebration of the Fourth worked wonders in the reduction of the number of victims of gunpowder, dispatches from a score of different points throughout the country as noted here account ofr 41 persons killed in a variety of other accidents incident to the outpouring of the holiday crowds.

Twenty-eight persons were drowned, five persons were killed in automobile accidents, five in a single train accident and two killed in aeronautic sports. This count, being made from the comparatively few reports of minor tragedies filtering through the crush of holiday news, outnumber more than twice the gunpowder accidents of the day.

The list of drowning accidents, known definitely to be as many as 28, is probably far from the correct total. Such tragedies are so frequent that unless two or more are victims at a time the accidents are not reported. In this city and vicinity alone, there were 10 drownings yesterday and the New England district reported five. There were six in the Ohio river at Louisville, three at La Crosse, Wis.; three at Pittsburg and one at Buffalo.

Incidental to the day there were also five persons killed by lightning, one variety of holiday tragedies that the safe and sane movement is unable to reach.

Question Bureau

Rules—1. Your real name and post-office address must be on the sheet with the question. Initials will not do. 2. Ask only one question, that is, there may be several questions on the same subject, but no different subject. 3. The Bureau will not give the address of any person or firm, nor answer as to the reliability of any person or of any firm, nor tell where you can buy anything—nothing in the way of free advertising. We reserve the right to decline to answer any question not of general interest to a majority of our readers. 5. We will not answer any questions involving dogma or doctrine, or of Biblical interpretation; no prices of old coins or stamps; no arithmetical or grammatical questions. 6. Do not ask for replies by mail. If the question is of general interest we will reply in print.

RELIGIOUS DENOMINATIONS

Please tell me in the Bureau how many churches each religious denomination in the United States has and the number of members in each denomination.—T. J. L., Jerome, Mich.

	Churches.	Members.
Adventist	2,488	95,646
Baptist	55,810	5,774,066
Dunkard Brethren	1,188	122,847
Plymouth Brethren	403	10,566
River Brethren	102	4,847
Buddhist	74	3,165
Catholic Apostolic	24	4,927
Catholic Eastern	240	385,000
Catholic Western	13,715	12,321,746
Christiandelphian	70	1,412
Christian	1,329	87,478
Christian Catholic—Dowie	70	5,865
Christian Scientist	1,104	85,096
Christian Union	237	13,905
Church of God—Winebrennarian	595	41,475
Living God	68	4,286
New Jerusalem	152	9,314
Communistic Societies	2,272	6,050
Congregational	6,050	741,400
Disciples of Christ	13,929	1,519,774
Evangelical	2,654	182,965
Faith Associations	146	9,572
Free Christian Zion	15	1,835
Friends	1,097	123,718
Latter Day Saints	1,350	400,650
Lutheran	13,802	2,243,486
Swedish Evangelical	423	58,000
Mennonite	606	55,007
Methodist	61,191	6,596,168
Moravian	136	18,711
Nonsect'r'n Bible Faith	204	6,396
Pentecostal	458	21,420
Presbyterian	16,456	1,920,765
Protestant Episcopal	7,652	938,390
Reformed	2,619	448,190
Salvationist	916	26,275
Schwenfeldian	8	850
Social Brethren	17	1,262
So. for Ethical Culture	6	2,450
Spiritualist	1,000	150,000
Theosophical Society	114	3,100
United Brethren	4,266	303,319
Unitarian	482	70,542
Universalist	881	52,150
Independent Cong	879	48,673

INDIANA PENAL INSTITUTIONS

Kindly tell something of the penal institutions of Indiana.—B. S., Leesburg, Ind.

Indiana maintains four correctional institutions. They are: The state prison at Michigan City, with 1,128 inmates, the per capita cost being $115 and earnings, $84,873.49; the Indiana Reformatory, Jeffersonville, inmates, 1,250, per capita cost, $130.68; earnings, $62,350.67; Reform School for Boys, Plainfield, inmates, 531, per capita cost, $170.53, earnings, $128,200; Industrial School for Girls and Women's Prison, Indianapolis, inmates, 214, per capita cost, $191.55, earnings, $922.50. At the legislative session of 1903 a law was passed for the division of the last named institution and the establishment of a new Industrial School for Girls. The state has the contract labor system, but efforts have been made to abolish it, and the legislature of 1903 provided for a commission to investigate and report on the subject. The convict labor is all done within the prisons. The state has the indeterminate system with commutation of time for good behavior.

SPONTANEOUS COMBUSTION

Please give an explanation of spontaneous combustion.—J. W. F., Johnson City, Tenn.

Spontaneous combustion is the ignition of bodies by the internal development of heat without the application of an eternal flame. It frequently takes place in heaps of rags, cotton and other substances strongly lubricated with oil, when if the oil is freshly made, it is very ready to combine with the oxygen of the atmosphere and give out carbon and hydrogen. The heat thus developed, diffusing itself through a mass of highly inflammable substances will in certain circumstances be sufficient to set them on fire. Bituminous coal, piled up in heaps, is apt to ignite by the decomposition of the sulphuret of iron which it contains. In ships laden with coal impregnated with sulphur and iron in the form of bisulphuret of iron, decomposition of this substance is sometimes occasioned by an excess of moisture, and heat is evolved to such a degree as to cause the combustion of coal, especially if air is admitted freely. Water poured on the burning material only adds to the intensity of action.

THE PINEAPPLE

Please give some information concerning the pineapple.—G. K., Grand Junction, Mich.

The pineapple is a native of the American tropics, but has been introduced in warm climates throughout the world. It grows about three feet high, bearing long, stiff, sword-shaped leaves in an elongated rosette, from the center of which arises the fruit. One plant bears for 10 years or more. Immense quantities are now shipped from tropical and sub-tropical countries, the principal fields being the West Indies, Florida, Northern Africa, Queensland and Hawaii. The plant thrives best in an equable climate, where the temperature averages between 70 and 80 degrees, and where dry and rainy seasons alternate. They are never raised from the seed except for the production of new varieties, since 10 years is required to bring the plant into bearing. Crowns, slips and suckers are used instead. The crowns or the rosettes of leaves upon the fruit are little used except when the varieties are rare.

DECORATION DAY

Will you kindly give the origin of Decoration Day?—C. H. W., Diana, W. Va.

Decoration Day is a holiday observed in many states as an occasion for decorating the graves of soldiers killed in the civil war, whether in national or private cemeteries. The custom originated with the southern states and was copied scatteringly and on different dates in some northern states, all in the spring. On May 5, 1868, General John A. Logan, then commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, issued an order appointing May 30 of that year for Grand Army services in so decorating graves. The states which observe the day have adopted it singly, there being no national law on the subject.

INDELIBLE INK

I would like to have you give a good recipe for indelible ink.—F. J. P., Freeporft, Ohio.

Following is a good recipe for indelible ink: One and two-thirds parts of nitrate of silver, 16 parts of distilled water, two parts of gum arabic, and one-third part of sap green. The nitrate of silver is first dissolved in the distilled water, and the gum arabic and sap green are subsequently added. It is necessary to write with a quill pen, all metallic pens except gold decomposing the ink.

A SAYING OF CROMWELL

Please tell who said: "Trust in God and keep your powder dry."—L. J. G., Grand Lodge, Mich.

On a certain occasion, when Oliver Cromwell's troops were about to cross a river to attack the enemy, he concluded a fanatical address to them with these words: "Put your trust in God; but mind to keep your powder dry."

THE INQUISITION

Will you please give a brief history of the Inquisition?—A. R., Ohio.

The Inquisition, or Holy Office, was a tribunal established in various Roman Catholic countries to search out and try persons accused of heresy or other offenses against the canons of the church. At the beginning of the 13th century Innocent III. sent legates to the south of France to incite a crusade against the Albigeuses and to assist the bishops in searching for the heretics. The Synod of Toulouse in 1229 issued 45 propositions enjoining on bishops the discovery and punishment of heretics. Until 1298 the inquisitorial courts were only transitory tribunals, but from that time on they became permanent and were successively introduced into Italy, Spain, Germany and the south provinces of France. In 1478 a papal bull was issued outhorizing the establishment of a tribunal in Spain. Charles III. greatly restricted it and Joseph Bonaparte abolished it in 1808. It was restored in 1814, but never regained its former power and in 1835 its property was confiscated for payment of the public debt. The inquisition was introduced into Sicily and the Spanish colonies in America. Its organization in Portugal was nearly the same as that of Spain. A supreme tribunal of the inquisition for the whole church was established at Rome in 1543, but since the occupation of Rome by the Italian government in 1870 the inquisition has been abolished in Italy.

The body bearing the name of "Congregation of the Holy Office" is composed of 12 cardinals presided over by the pope. Outside of the territory of the Romanic nations the inquisition never gained a firm footing.

MISCELLANEOUS

A. W., Lapel, Ind.—General Custer was born in Ohio. His remains were interred in the United States cemetery at West Point, N. Y.

M. S., Forest, W. Va.—Any unabridged dictionary will give you the meaning of the word you ask about.

Stops Tobacco Habit in One Day

Sanitarium Publishes Free Book Showing How Tobacco Habit Can Be Banished in From One to Five Days at Home.

The Elders Sanitarium located at 652 Main St., St. Joseph, Mo., has published a free book showing the deadly effect of the tobacco habit, and how it can be banished in from one to five days at home.

Men who have used tobacco for more than fifty years have tried this method and say it is entirely successful, and in addition to banishing the desire for tobacco has improved their health wonderfully. This method banishes the desire for tobacco, no matter whether it is smoking, chewing, cigarettes or snuff dipping.

As this book is being distributed free, anyone wanting a copy should send their name and address at once.

Sick and Starving for Oxygen

Sick, nervous and run down, you try to find relief by dosing with medicines. Supply your lost vitality with nature's own **restorer, OXYGEN.** Your whole system craves it, because it **throws off disease** and gives you **new life and health.**

Absorb it, while you rest or sleep, it will **regenerate every organ** in **your body.** That means health, vigor and new life.

Read our 56-page illustrated "Journal of Health"—**mailed free.** It explains many secrets—the natural way to restore health through the power of Oxygen. Yours for the asking. No obligation. Write today. **THE OXYGENOR CO., 812 GREAT NORTHERN BLDG., CHICAGO, ILL.**

If You Doctored 19 Years for

RHEUMATISM

And eventually found something that drove it out of your system would you tell everybody you could about it or would you keep the secret to yourself? I think one should tell, and if you write an old sufferer she will tell you what drove it from her at a cost of less than $2.00. Please bear in mind I have no medicine or merchandise of any kind to sell, so you need not be backward in sending for information. I want to help you and will give you all the information without one cent deposit. I can never forget how I suffered from Rheumatism and how crippled I was for a long time, and now—no limp, pain or fear—all signs of it are gone. That is why I am not asking you to send money for something you know nothing about as I realize how many there are who ask a lot and give nothing. Enclose postage for reply.

MRS. M. Z. COLLY, 117 SO. DEARBORN ST., APT. 125, CHICAGO.

STOP THAT ITCH WITH RESINOL!

Brings Instant Relief and Quickly Clears Away Skin Eruptions.

If your skin itches and burns with eczema or other tormenting, unsightly skin trouble, simply wash the sore places with Resinol Soap and hot water, dry, and apply a little Resinol Ointment.

The itching stops instantly, you no longer have to dig and scratch, sleep becomes possible, and healing begins at once. That is because the soothing, antiseptic Resinol medication strikes right into the surface, arrests the action of the disease and lets the tortured, inflamed skin rest, almost always restoring it to perfect health—quickly, easily and at little cost.

Resinol Soap (25c) and Resinol Ointment (50c and $1.00) are also speedily effective in even the stubbornest cases of pimples, blackheads, dandruff, sores and piles. Prescribed by doctors for eighteen years, and sold by practically every druggist in the United States, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Dept. F, Resinol, Baltimore, Md.

$10,000,000 A Year Wasted On Trusses

Wrong to Buy Anything For Rupture Without Getting Sixty Days Trial.

A conservative estimate shows that nearly ten million dollars a year—in this country alone—is practically wasted on worthless rupture appliances—all because people trust to a mere try-on instead of making a thorough test

Away With Leg-Strap and Spring Trusses

So far as we know, our guaranteed rupture holder is the only thing of any kind for rupture that you can get on 60 days trial—the only thing we know of good enough to stand such a long and thorough test. It's the famous Cluthe Automatic Massaging Truss—made on an absolutely new principle—has 18 patented features. Self-adjusting. Does away with the misery of wearing belts, leg-straps and springs. Guaranteed to hold at all times—including when you are working, taking a bath, etc. Has cured in cases after case that seemed hopeless.

Write for Free Book of Advice—Cloth-bound, 104 pages. Explains the dangers of operation. Shows just what's wrong with elastic and spring trusses, and why druggists should no more be allowed to fit trusses than to perform operations. Exposes the humbugs—shows how old-fashioned worthless trusses are sold under false and misleading names. Tells all about the care and attention we give you. Endorsements from over 5000 people, including physicians. Write today—find out how you can prove every word we say by making a 60 day test without risking a penny.

Box 14—Cluthe Co., 125 E. 23rd St., New York City

"Isn't She Stunning"

You can be stunning too if you used Princess Creamaline to beautify your features. The greatest face lotion on the market. Pure and harmless. Send $1.00 for large trial bottle.

INTERNATIONAL DISTRIBUTERS, Healdsburg, Calif.

I. W. W. LEADER GOES TO PEN

Paterson, N. J., July 3 — Patrick Quinlin, a leader of the Industrial Workers of the World, was sentenced today to serve not less than two years nor more than seven years in state's prison and to pay a fine of $500.

He was convicted recently of inciting a riot among the striking mill workers.

HISTORIC CHURCH DESTROYED

Montreal, July 7. — The historic Roman Catholic Church of St. Charles on Center street, was destroyed by fire Saturday afternoon. The church was one of the oldest in the city and contained several valuable paintings. The loss is about $500,000, partly covered by insurance.

WOMEN SUFFERED MOST IN WAR

By Helen Longstreet.

GETTYSBURG, July 2.—No provision whatever has been made for the participation in this greatest event in the country's peace history of the women who sent husbands and fathers and sons and sweethearts to answer the call at the first tap of the drum in '61. The hardship, the suffering, the agony of the women who waited in the war homes of the nation may never be told.

Some day a grateful government will erect a monument that will pierce the blue he avens from Gettysburg's stateliest, sunniset slope and on it will stand the figure of one in whose courageous soul every battle was fought and every victory won. The woman who placed the flag of her faith in the hands of her best beloved and sent it to the front when the first gun was fired on Fort Sumpter.

Wish Jane Were Here.

A veteran shambling rather absently along overtook me today.

He was hot, dusty, tired. I said: "Do take my umbrella; I really would rather walk without it."

He straightened up with some of the old fire and vigor.

"Pshaw. I was fighting up this road before you were born. I guess I can stand a litle sun now. But how I wish Jane was here. She had a harder time than I did during the war."

Later a little woman with faded eyes overtook us "up Emmittsburg Road." "I wasn't expected," she said, "but I just couldn't help coming. Jim was killed along here somewhere." Gazing at a clump of trees she rested a little. "Your husband?" I asked.

"Oh, no, he was just my sweetheart, but I told him that I would wait until he came back. I won't have much longer to wait now. He did not come back to me, but I am going to him."

Sometime there will be another and a greater reunion on this field. The next time it will include the real soldiers who made the four years of fighting possible. On that day a grateful republic will pour out its millions and all the gray, bent Janes who had "a harder time" than their husbands on the field, and all the sad-eyed Sarahs who are still waiting for sweethearts that never came back will gather here on the scenes of a republic's trials, tribulations and sufferings. And that will be a real reunion of souls that laid the supreme offering on the altar of their country, of the weapons that bore America's war burden, of the tortured hearts that wrestled with the uncomplaining pain througn the long four years when the nation's heartstrings were tuneless because her daughters could not sing the old songs.

Opportunities of interest to you. Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page.

For quickly raising to the surface of the water a disabled submarine, an Englishman has invented a buoy to be released from the boat, carrying up hose through which air can be pumped to fill and lift the craft.

American "castile" soap is sold extensively in Havre, France.

ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

Remedy sent by express on Free Trial. If satisfied, send $1.00; if not, you owe nothing. W. H. Fondersmith, Elwood, Ind., says—"Used your Hay Fever medicine in 1908 and have never suffered since." Write today for the trial bottle, giving express office.

W. K. STERLINF, 631 Main St., Sidney, O.

EBS GIVES GIRL OUTCAST A HOME

Terre Haute, Ind., July 7.—A challenge to "Christians and hypocrites to come into the open in their true colors, to live up to the standards they have professed or to admit that their charity is only a cloak," is issued to Terre Haute by Eugent Debs, the Socialist leader.

Debs took from the city jail Helen Fox, daughter of a Methodist preacher once prominent in Indiana, who had been arrested for immorality. Debs, after publically announcing that he would open his home to the girl and that she must be received by friends of his family as one of his children, issued what he called his "challenge to the Christianity of Terre Hause."

Recently the girl eloped with the son of a prominent family and was married.

Girl in Jail Three Days.

Later the young man divorced her and took her child away from her. The other night she was arrested on the street and had been in jail for three days when Debs was permitted, as an emergency probation officer, to take her home with him.

"This girl has been persecuted," declared Debs in a public statement. "Will Terre Haute help her, or will its organized force be used to drive her to desperation?

"Let Terre Haute ask, 'What would Christ do?'

"Our family has opened our home to her.

Calls Men More Dangerous.

"The police have told her that she must keep off the streets or go to the red light district. Do the police mean to get recruits for the red light district? If that is the police policy toward women, then to be consistent the police should compel immoral men who stand on the streets to stay in the red light district. The men who hunt girls are more dangerous to society than women.

"It is time for this pitiless cruelty to stop. Why not war on the immoral people in high life instead of persecuting this penniless girl?"

CANCER FREE TREATISE. The Leach Sanatorium, Indianapolis, Ind., has published a booklet which gives interesting facts about the cause of a Cancer, also tells what to do for pain, bleeding, odor, etc. Write for it today, mentioning this paper.

PILES Permanently relieved, at home, by the ONLY INTERNAL remedy known. As easy and pleasant to take as drinking milk. No detention from business or work. Your money returned if it doesn't do exactly as we say. Don't delay, send today for bottle. Price $1.00 postage paid. Circular FREE.
SELIP MANUFACTURING COMPANY
712 So. Figueroa St., Los Angeles, Calif.

Tuberculosis
Its Diagnosis, Treatment and Cure
Free

NEW TREATISE ON TUBERCULOSIS
By FREEMAN HALL, M. D.

This valuable medical book tells in plain, simple language how Tuberculosis can be cured in your own home. If you know of any one suffering from Tuberculosis, Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat or lung trouble, or are yourself afflicted, this book will help you. Even if you are in the advanced stage of the disease and feel there is no hope, it will instruct you how others, with its aid, cured themselves after all remedies tried had failed, and they believed their case hopeless.

Write at once to the Yonkerman Co., 5972 Rose St., Kalamazoo, Mich., they will gladly send you the book by return mail FREE and also a generous supply of the new Treatment absolutely Free, for they want you to have this wonderful remedy before it is too late. Don't wait—Write today. It may mean the saving of your life.

NEWS OF THE HEAVENS DURING THE MONTH OF JULY

By Prof. Eric Doolittle.

The most interesting event of the present month is the entrance of the magnificent planet Jupiter into our evening sky. We see this brilliant object shining out in the southeast immediately after sunset, but unfortunately it remains low in the heavens throughout the entire night, never mounting so high as one-third of its zenith. This is because this world is now at a point in the heavens almost exactly opposite the sun; as the latter body is now at almost its greatest distance above the celestial equator, the great planet is at nearly its lowest position among the stars. Like the sun, Jupiter is ever moving slowly eastward around the celestial sphere, following very nearly in the sun's path, AEB, Figure 1, among the stars, but 12 years are occupied by the planet in making its journey. Jupiter is now in Sagittarius, but when we see it six years from now it will have mounted high above the celestial equator to nearly the position in the heavens occupied by the sun at the time of the longest day. It will then be in the most favorable possible position for observation.

The July Stars.

Next in interest to the return of Jupiter is undoubtedly the appearance of the beautiful constellation of the Scorpion, which, with its brilliant group of stars extending from C to D, Figure 1, and its bright, red Antares, at F, now forms a most striking object in the southern heavens. Still nearer the zenith, the Serpent may now be well traced out, a long and winding constellation whose head is just below the Northern Crown and whose tail is found, far in the east, among the stars which form the beautiful group known as the Eagle. North of the latter group we see the strange little figure known as the Dolphin, of Job's Coffin, while arching directly through the zenith there is a beautiful train composed of the Northern Cross, the Lyre, Hercules, Bootes and the Great Bear, all of which are now in most excellent position for study.

The many faint stars between the Serpent and Hercules for the large Serpent Holder—an elderly man holding the Serpent in his hands, and a most ill-omened constellation in astrology, whose stars occasioned death by poisoning, while to the Moors and Turks the group was known as a Stork.

Throughout this whole region of the heavens, which is largely occupied by the wonderful summer branch of the Milky Way, there are innumerable objects of interest for one who possesses a small telescope. For example, in Sagittarius alone he might well, after examining Jupiter, turn to the wonderful star-clusters at H, K and L, each of which is so marvelous a cloud of stars heaped together that it is even visible to the naked eye. And in examining these objects it should not be forgotten that each of the seemingly innumerable stars is a great sun, probably many times as large as our own. At the point M, a little way above the cluster L, there is one of the finest fields of the entire sky for a small telescope. Just above this, at N, there is the faint Horseshoe nebula, and at P there is the wonderful Trifid nebula, a remarkable nebulous cloud which is separated into three distinct parts by black lanes which run through it. Lastly, each of the stars marked S in this constellation will be found to be a double star.

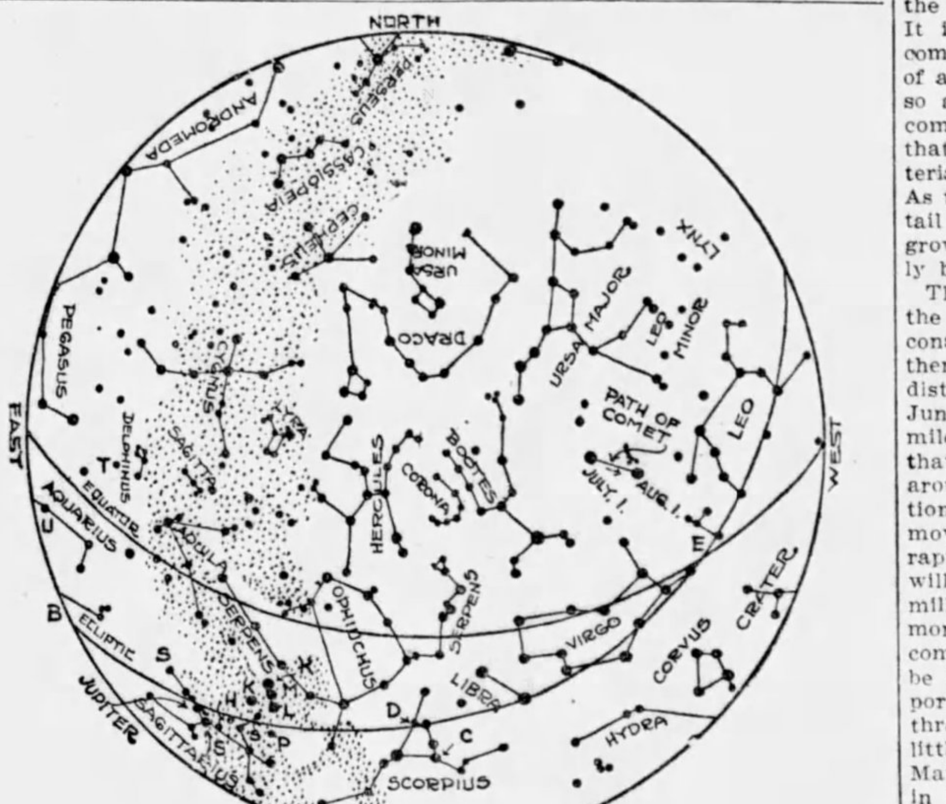


Figure 1. The Constellations at 9 p. m. July 1. (If facing south hold the map upright. If facing east, hold East below; if facing west, hold West below. If facing north, hold the map upright.)

The New Comet.

The comet whose discovery was recently announced proved rather a disappointing object, both on account of its small size and on account of its faintness. At no time was it nearly bright enough to be seen without a moderately large telescope, and had its path not happened to pass within 66 millions of miles of the earth, which is unusually near, it would probably not have been discovered.

The comets are great nebulous clouds composed of meteoric matter, gasses, meteoric dust, and matter in a radiant condition which, as they drift through the depths of space, begin to feel the pull of our sun and to fall toward that body. But the chance that one of them will begin its motion in such a way as to hit the moving sun, or to even pass very near it, is exceedingly small. Each comet as it draws nearer to the sun will move ever more and more swiftly, and will finally swing around that body and draw away from us through a very different region of space from that through which it formerly moved. There must be immense numbers of these bodies whose paths are thus completely changed by their passage around the sun, but which, even when nearest the sun, are so far away from the earth that we do not detect them. It is only when a comet has drawn comparatively near the sun that forces of a gravitational and electrical nature so agitate its great mass that it becomes very bright. It is at this time that the sun drives a part of its material away and thus forms the tail. As the comet recedes from the sun, its tail disappears and the whole mass grows fainter and fainter until it finally becomes lost to us.

The present comet was discovered at the point T, Figure 1, just below the constellation of the Dolphin. It was then approaching the earth, its least distance from us being reached about June 1, when it was 66 millions of miles away. Its path lay outside of that of the earth, and the comet moved around the sun in an opposite direction fro mthat in which the earth is moving; conseqeuntly the two bodies rapidly separated. Their distance apart will increase from 117 millions to 216 millions of miles during the present month, and throughout this time the comet will be so faint that it can only be seen in the largest telescopes. The portion of the apparent path pursued throughout July lies in the beautiful little group of stars known as the Maidens Hair, in the position shown in Figure 1.

The Planets.

Mercury will be seen at its greatest distance east of the sun on the evening of July 7, and for a few evenings before and after this date will shine out almost due west, low down in the sunset glow.

Venus, Mars and Saturn are all near together and conspicuous in the east in the early morning sky, just before sunrise. The first planet will be seen at its greatest distance west of the sun on the morning of July 4, at which time it will rise nearly three hours before sunrise. It will pass below the planet Saturn on the evening of July 21, so that the next morning these two worlds will be seen close together in the sky.

But the most favorably situated of all the planets is the great Jupiter, the world which is much larger than all of the other worlds of our solar system taken together. The study of the ever-changing bands and other markings of this beautiful planet is a work of never failing interest. The observer will find that many of the smaller areas are pushing ahead through the great cloud of surface vapors which surrounds them with a speed of many thousands of miles an hour, and that the whole equatorial region of the planet completes its revolution and ends its day in a somewhat shorter time than the regions in higher latitudes.

Evidently this world is in a very different condition from our own. It is, in fact, believed that it is at so high a temperature that it is nothing but a ball of vapor; that there may be an inner core which under the immense pressure of the overlying material may be so dense as pitch, or even that there may be a quite small core which is solid. And it is probable that the parts of the planet near the center turn about the axis more rapidly than those parts which lie near the surface. In the year 1878, a great, oval, reddish area appeared on the planet, 30,000 miles long and 7,0000 miles wide, which persisted for many years and may even yet be seen It is thought that the disturbance which produced this strange marking lay very deep within the body of the planet.

By consulting the American Nautical Almanac, or one of the several smaller almanacs capied from this, it will be seen that many interesting phenomena of the four bright satellites will occur during this month. For example, on July 29 the inner moon will move onto the edge of the planet at 10 hours 4 minutes p. m. and the fourth moon will pass behind the planet at 16 minutes past midnight. At this time but two bright moons will be visible, both to the left of the disc. The first moon will move off the edge at five minutes past 1 o'clock, its intensely black shadow both entering and leaving the disc 35 minutes later. than the moon itself.

On July 3 our earth will have reached its greatest distance from the sun.

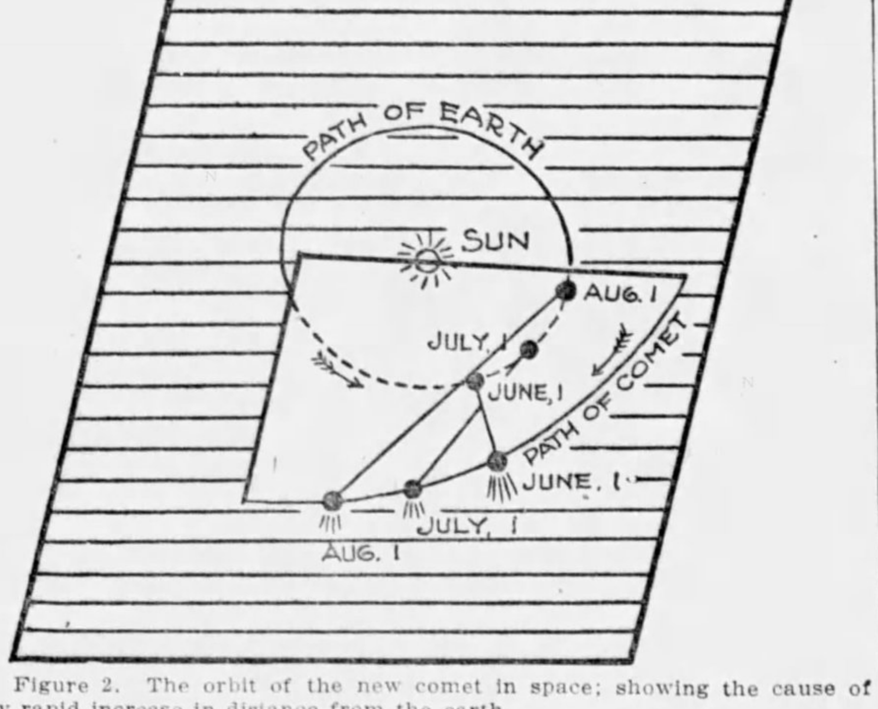


Figure 2. The orbit of the new comet in space; showing the cause of very rapid increase in distance from the earth.

DUST TOO MUCH FOR WILSON

He Fails to Get Long Auto Ride Sunday.

Cornish, N. H., July 7.—President Wilson, his family and Francis Bowes Sayre, Miss Jessie Wilson's fiance, motored to Windsor, Vt., Sunday to attend the service at the Congregational church there. The nearest Presbyterian church is 40 miles from here.

The day was exceedingly warm and the roads, especially the "Wilson road" now under construction, were several inches deep with dust. So the President decided he would forego an auto drive in the afternoon.

The President told the newspaper men that he intended to take a complete rest while here and therefore did not intend to hold his daily interview.

Marie Dressler, the actress, whose summer home, Windsor Farm, overlooks Harlakenden, held open house Sunday for the newspaper men and secret service men, who are here with the President. The only hotel in Cornish has but one bathroom and Miss Dressler has told the men who follow the President that they are welcome to her large open air swimming pool.

THIS CENTURY AN EPOCH OF SPEED

Two Miles a Minute Made by Driver in Recent Track Race.

London, July 3.—Dr. Johnson, in one of his law-giving moods, uttered the pronouncement that man would never be able to travel at 02 miles on hour, for he would not be able to breathe and withstand the wind resistance. That is a classic example of the fact that, no matter how learned one may be in his generation, his ideas concerning the possibilities of what has not been tested are not worth a fig. Today, even by a law which was passed at a time when prejudice ran high against motoring, man is nevertheless allowed to travel in a motor car at what largely prejudiced legislators then considered a quite safe speed of 20 miles an hour. Further, it is long since unpaced cyclists were able to pedal without protection of any sort at 20 miles an hour, and the motor-paced pedal-cycle stands in the neighborhood of a mile a minute. Even in this country the railway train travels on occasion at 70 or more miles an hour, providing quite comfortable going for the occupants of the coaches.

Engineers gradually have been improving their locomotives, until today their skill enables them to build machines capable of far greater rates of travel than they dare indulge in over the narrow iron roads at their disposal; hence the schemes that are mooted for constructing yet speedier systems of railway travel.

Boats Are Faster.

Even on the water there has been this same extraordinary speeding up. Every year witnesses the production of faster battleships and faster merchantmen. This year there is some prospect that men will travel over the surface of the waters at the rate of a mile a minutes on slipper-form craft styled hydroplanes. A speed of more than 50 miles an hour was attained 12 months ago by the British built Austin engined Maple Leaf IV., whose performance can certainly be eclipsed by more than one vessel designed and produced in the current year.

Meanwhile the motor car is the fastest thing on the land. It is some seasons since Nazzaro, the famous Italian driver, came over to Brooklands, and, in the course of a 28 miles match against a British built Napie, did not fewer than two consecutive laps round the two and a half-mile track at a rate of two miles a minute. In point of fact the speed was more than 120 miles an hour. Subsequently in America a driver was certified to have sprinted for a short distance at a speed of a fraction more that 140 miles an hour.

But it was not until a couple of months ago on a British built machine, providing an absolute contract from all the foregoing, in that it was a small, standard design, four cylinder, 25 horsepower Talbot car, that anybody had succeeded in traveling a hundred miles within the period of an hour. That achievement had been a dream of motor engineers for many years.

Achieves 100-Mile Speed.

It is extraordinary that the first to achieve it should have been a British constructor with a small machine, for scarcely had that performance been concluded than a foreigner, in the guise of the Peuegot firm, sent across a car of a much larger size, which succeeded also in traveling more than 100 miles in an hour.

So that, as often happens, not one maker, but many, are able to attain a given stage of advancement more or less in synchronism, for there are several makes of cars that could do this now, tires permitting. The next big speed achievement for the motor engineer to aim at, of course, is to be the first to produce a car to travel at two miles a minute for an hour at a time, otherwise to travel 120 miles an hour. This may be done, tires permitting, in a matter of weeks, as instance the building of the 12-cylinder Sunbeam engine. In the meantime, and despite the fact that no aeroplane has yet been proved to have achieved in a sprint, independent of wind, a speed surpassing the fastest done by a car over a short distance in America, in April the French aviator, Guillaux, flew a distance of 119 miles in an hour, so that it is already a mere question of luck as to when any aeroplane may add the one mile to that accomplishment and travel at two miles a minutes for an hour on end.

It therefore is probable the flying machine will be the first vehicle to convey a man that distance in that time. One hopes it will do so soon, since the moment it does so the general public will begin to realize a fresh use for flying, at le ast in its bearings on national defense, namely, that not only is the aeroplane the speediest vehicle in the world, but that it is also one that shares with the dirigible in speed as well as in quickness of rising, but at present aeroplanes are made on such a limited scale that it is not possible to compare their load-carrying powers in any way with those of dirigible balloons. It a few years, however, there is no reason why we should not begin to count the useful load carried by the aeroplane in terms of tons.

It thus become abundantly plain hat at th beginning of the twentieth cenury we must recast our ideas of speed, just as it was necessary more than 100 years ago for Dr. Johnson and his generation to remodel their notions concerning possible rates of travel in face of developments that came very rapidly after his historic pronouncement. The great point about aeroplane speed to date is that a distance of 119 miles has been flown in 60 minutes; consequently there is no question of belittling performances by reason of its limitation as, for example, in the case of the first motor vehicle to travel 60 miles an hour.

Read the Classified Opportunities column on last page—this issue.

TIRED BEING MILLIONAIRE, HE LOSES HIMSELF

Van Buren, Ark., July 3.—Utter weariness of being merely a millionaire is the reason John O'Brien of New York, who has been missing for three years, today advanced in explanation of his long absence from the ken of old friends.

Mr. O'Brien is a former Soccer football star of Columbia university. He mysteriously vanished at the close of his college year in 1910. He was found yesterday in this town where he is working as an assistant engineer for the Missouri Pacific railroad.

"Why should I worry about being heir to $1,200,000," said Mr. O'Brien today.

"I have a job. When I convince myself that I have made good in the world I will return home. I became plumb tired of being a rich man with nothing to do except play the society game and study new ways to kill time. Just now I wouldn't trade my $1,500 a year position for the biggest fortune in the world."

Mr. O'Brien added that his mother has known of his whereabouts, though a nation-wide search has been made for him.

About Your Own Vigor
SENT FREE TO MEN

MR. READER:

Here is something I have to offer you absolutely for nothing—a little private book of special information about the legitimate uses and unnatural abuses of manly vigor; about the preservation of manly strength and its possible self-restoration; an illustrated pocket compendium of 8,000 words, 72 pages and 30 half-tone photograph reproductions—which I am very pleased to send by mail, absolutely free of charge, in a plain sealed envelope, to any man, young or elderly, single or married, who writes for it.

Over a million of these books have been thus sent to aplicants all over the world since my free offer first appeared. Publishers are charging as much as $2 for books on sex subjects, while my book is free. Therefore, reader, if you would like a great fund of inside information relating directly to the subject of manly vigor, all put in perfectly plain, easy-to-read language, with many hints that you can surely apply to your own self, no matter how strong you may be, or how nervous or rundown you may be—if you want to know the facts about this particular subject, given to you without a single scare, then fill in the coupon below, send to me and receive my book, sealed, by return mail. In one part of this little publication I describe a mechanical invention of my own, which I call the SANDEN vitalizer, something you wear at night as an aid to the restoration of lost or waning strength; but you are not expected to get one of these appliances unless you decide for yourself that you want one. The book is complete, and there is absolutely nothing you are required to buy or pay, either now or in the future. Therefore, please send your name and address today.

SANDEN, Author.

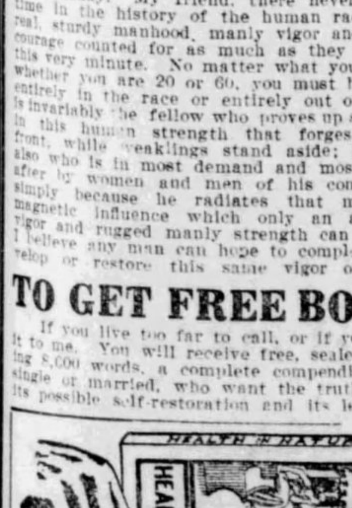
MANHOOD WINS IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE

MANHOOD! The quality which rules the world today. My friend, there never was a time in the history of the human race when real, sturdy manhood, manly vigor and manly courage counted for as much as they do now, this very minute. No matter what your years, whether you are 20 or 60, you must be either entirely in the race or entirely out of it. It is invariably the fellow who proves up strongest in this human strength that forges to the front, while weaklings stand aside; it is he also who is in most demand and most sought after by women and men of his community, simply because he radiates that marvelous magnetic influence which only an abundant vigor and rugged manly strength can radiate. I believe any man can hope to completely develop or restore this same vigor or manly strength, no matter what his past follies may have been, provided he is willing to REALLY MAKE THE EFFORT; and provided, of course, he is not weighed down by extreme old age or is not incurably diseased. To my mind the road of the one who wants more vigor is perfectly plain, but it is a road that any man MUST travel if he attains the highest ideals in respect to his own manhood. See information in my free book.

As to the SANDEN Vitalizer, previously mentioned, will say it is a little mechanical appliance, weighing but a few ounces, which you wear at night. This Vitalizer generates and sends forth a certain soft, penetrating force which I call Vitality. It drives this Vitality into your nerves, blood, muscles and organs as you sleep. It is quieting to the nervous system—or, at least, so users say. Men write that it takes pain out of the back often at once and restores vitality in 90 days. Remember, the general information of the free book is independent of this Vitalizer, and you are not expected to get one of these little appliances unless you want to. You can write me later as to what you so desire. With special attachments, my Vitalizer is used by women as well as men for rheumatism, kidney, liver, stomach, bladder disorders, etc. If you live in or near this city I should be most pleased to have you call in person at my office where you may see and test the Vitalizer free of charge. Hours—9 to 6; Sundays, 10 to 1. Or if inconvenient to call, do not fail to write for the free booklet.

TO GET FREE BOOK PLEASE USE COUPON

If you live too far to call, or if you cannot call, please fill in the coupon below and send it to me. You will receive free, sealed, by return mail, my 72-page illustrated book, containing 8,000 words, a complete compendium of useful information for men, young or elderly, single or married, who want the truth about the subject of vital strength, its preservation, its possible self-restoration and its legitimate uses and wanton abuses. You get it all free.



T. B. Sanden Co., 1261 Broadway, near 31st St., New York:

Dear Sirs—Please forward me your book as advertised, free, sealed.

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BALLOONISTS FIGHT STORM

Kansas City Crew Lands in Michigan After Wild and Perilous Trip.

Detroit, July 7.—Capt. H. E. Honeywell and his aide, Ward C. Gifford, contestants in the national elimination balloon race, who will undoubtedly be selected as one of the three American crews to contest for the James Gordon Bennett trophy in France next fall, took a stroll yesterday through the meadows and forest near Rockwood, where they so narrowly escaped death in landing the preceding day and collected hats, coats, cameras, canteens, instruments and other articles that were strewn along the path of their hazardous dash to earth. This done, they folded up the giant gas bag of their racer, the Kansas City Post, bundled it into the wicker basket and shipped it to the freight station at Rockwood.

Later at their hotel they recounted the dramatic details of their ride of a night and a day, told of the exciting start in high winds that caused three of the contesting balloons to burst at the outset, of their close call when they were shot at while flying above South Bend and the bullets whistling close to the balloon, and of their landing when they were dragged through a forest, their basket breaking off branches of trees, slamming into rail fences, finally coming to earth after crashing into a ditch and being bumped for a hundred yards across rough ground.

The storm overtook the fugitive bag Saturday afternoon as it was skirting the Lake Erie shore and about to cross into Canada.

"It came upon us without warning," said Capt. Honeywell Sunday afternoon. "There was a heavy fall of hail and such thunder and lightning as I have never seen before in the 179 balloon flights I had made. Down we crashed and up again in spurts. Our trailing rope, 100 feet long, caught in a tree as it was being lashed about by the winds; out went our anchor and about half our equipment. A suitcase, a canteen, almost all the clothing in the basket not being worn, was carried overboard.

"The basket lashed and swung around, striking heavy limbs in its course, crashing them into splinters like so much kindling wood.

"All this time Gifford was throwing out sand like mad. Sacks and all went by the board in a final frantic effort to raise above the storm wave. Suddenly the oak forest we were skimming was left behind. Then we crashed through a rail fence.

"I shouted to Gifford to stop throwing sand and crawl into the bottom of the basket. All the time he had been cooly throwing out sand as if nothing unusual was the matter.

"Just ahead of us loomed a swamp. I knew that if we went into it, it would be at the peril of our lives. There was no longer any chance of the baloon's rising. We pulled the valve string and let out the air. Rain was falling in fierce torrents, the fury of the elements striking as if with double strength because we had eluded them for so many hours, beat upon us mercilessly. We crawled under the balloon and waited for 20 minutes for help."

In the log made of the journey storm observations figure all the way. The trip started to the threats of thunder and lightning and the storm, which finally overtook them in Wayne county was the one with which they raced at a 45-mile gait from Kansas.

Lake Michigan was crossed in two hours at an altitude of 5,300 feet, beginning at 11:30 o'clock Friday night. At six o'clock at an altitude of 7,000 feet, the two men felt the sorm nearing. A test rope lowered and papers tossed out, revealed that below them was a rapid gale which is reached would blow them ahead of the storm.

THE MARKETS

Toledo Grain Market.

Wheat—	Open.	High.	Low.	Close July 7.	Close July 3.
Cash	99	99	98	96	99
July	90¼	90¼	89¼	89⅞	90⅞
Sept.	91¾	91¾	90⅝	90⅞	92¼
Dec.	95¼	95¼	94½	94½	95¾
Corn—					
Cash	....	63½	63½	63½	64
July	63¾	63¾	63¼	63¼	64
Sept.	64¾	64¾	63⅝	64	65⅛
Dec.	60⅞	60⅝	59¾	60⅛	61⅛
Oats—					
Cash	....	43	43	43	43¾
July	43½	43½	43	43	43¾
Sept.	44¼	44¼	43⅞	43⅞	44⅝
Dec.	45¾	45⅜	45⅛	45⅛	46¼
Clover Seed—					
Prime	....	....	....	....	12.75
Oct	8.35	8.35	8.30	8.37½	8.37½
Dec.	8.30	8.30	8.22½	8.22½	8.32½
March	8.40	8.40	8.37½	8.37½	8.42½
Rye—					
No. 2	....	....	....	....	62
Alsike—					
Oct.	9.20	9.30	9.20	9.30	9.00
Dec.	9.25	9.35	9.25	9.35	9.05
Timothy—					
Prime	....	....	....	2.57½	2.52½
Aug.	2.75	2.75	2.72½	2.72½	2.65
Sept.	2.65	2.65	2.62½	2.62½	2.57½
Oct.	2.65	2.65	2.62½	2.62½	2.57½
Dec.	2.70	2.70	2.67½	2.67½	2.60
March	2.75	2.75	2.72½	2.72½	2.62½
CHICAGO.					
Wheat—					
July	90	90	88½	88⅞	90
Sept.	90½	90½	88⅞	89⅜	90½
Dec.	93¾	93⅝	92⅝	92⅞	93⅝
Corn—					
July	61½	61½	60¾	60⅞	61½
Sept.	62¼	62⅝	61⅝	61⅞	62⅝
Dec.	59⅝	59⅝	58⅛	58½	59½
Oats—					
July	41¾	41⅝	40¼	40¼	41¾
Sept.	42¾	42¾	41⅞	42½	42¾
Dec.	44¼	44¼	43½	43⅝	44⅝
CHICAGO PROVISIONS.					
Pork—					
July	21.15	21.35	21.10	21.10	21.02
Sept.	21.02	21.15	21.10	21.00	20.90
Oct.	....	....	....	20.35	....
Lard—					
July	11.60	11.60	11.50	11.57	11.45
Sept.	11.75	11.75	11.62	11.70	11.62
Oct.	11.80	11.82	11.70	11.75	11.67
Ribs—					
July	11.95	11.95	11.87	11.87	11.90
Sept.	12.00	12.00	11.82	11.87	11.95
Oct.	11.80	11.80	11.65	11.67	11.72
NEW YORK.					
Wheat—					
July	99¼	....	....	98⅝	99¾
Sept.	97⅝	....	....	96⅝	97¾
ST. LOUIS.					
Wheat—					
July	87	....	....	85⅛	87
Sept.	88	....	....	87	87⅞
MINNEAPOLIS.					
Wheat—					
July	....	....	....	....	90¼
Sept.	....	....	....	....	92¾
DULUTH.					
Wheat—					
July	90¾	....	....	90¼	91¼
Sept.	93⅛	....	....	92⅝	93⅝

New York Produce.

New York, July 7.—Flour quiet; spring patents, $4.60@4.95; winter straights, $4.45@4.55; winter patents, $4.75@5.10; spring clears, $4.00@4.20; winter extra No. 1, $3.80@4.10; do. No. 2, $3.70@3.80; Kansas straights, $4.20@4.30. Rye flour steady; fair to good, $3.70@3.85; choice to fancy, $3.90@4.00. Wheat—Futures were neglected, the undertone being easy. Beef steady; mess, $18.00@18.50; family, $20.00@22.00. Pork firm; mess, $22.50@23.00; family, $24.00@25.00; short clear, $20.75@22.25. Lard steady; middle west, $11.40@11.50. Raw sugar firm; centrifugal, 3.48c; Muscovado, 2.98c; molasses, 2.73c; refined firm; crushed, 5.20c; fine granulated, 4.50c; powdered, 4.60c. Petroleum steady; refined, New York bulk, $5.00; do. bbls., $8.70; cases, $11.00. Molasses quiet and steady; New Orleans, open kettle, 35@55c. Tallow quiet; city hhds., 6c; country, 5⅞@6¼c; special, 6¾c. Hay steady; No. 1, $1.02½@1.05; No. 2, 90@95c; No. 3, 75@85c. Lead firm; quoted $4.35. Hides firm; Bogota, 29¾@30¼c; Central America, 29½c. Leather steady; hemlock firsts, 28@29c; seconds, 27@28c.

Butter firmer; receipts, 13,141 tubs; creamery extra, 27¼c; firsts, 26@26½c; seconds, 24½@25½c; thirds, 23@24c; state, dairies, finest, 26@26½c; good to prime, 24@25½c; common to fair, 22@22½c; process extras, 24¼@25c; firsts, 23½@24½c; seconds, 22@22½c; imitation creamery firsts, 24c; factory current firsts, 23c; seconds, 21@21½c; packing stock, current make, No. 1, 21c; No. 2, 20@20½c; No. 3, 19@19½c. Cheese steady; receipts, 1,359 boxes; state, whole milk fresh, white and pale colored, 14¼c; do. average fancy, 13¾@14c; state, whole milk, fresh under grades, 12@13½c; skims, 3@11c. Eggs firmer; receipts (three days), 29,497 cases; fresh gathered extra, 23@23c; extra firsts, 22@22½c; firsts, 18@20c; seconds, 16@17c; thirds and poorer, 12@15c; fresh gathered dirties No. 1, 15@16c; No. 2 and poorer, 10@14c; fresh gathered checks, good to choice dry, 13@14c; under grades, checks, per case, $1.60@3.60; state, Pennsylvania and nearby hennery whites, as to size and quality, 28@30c; do. gathered whites, 23@28c; western gathered whites, 20@25c.

Dressed poultry irregular; fresh killed western chickens, 22@24c; fowls, 16½@19½c; turkeys, 18@19c.

Chicago Produce.

Chicago, July 7.—Butter, unchanged. Eggs, lower; receipts, 19,421 cases; at mark, cases included, 12@13c; ordinary firsts, 15½@16c; firsts, 17c; storage, 17½c. Potatoes, lower, at 60@65c bu.; receipts, 100 cars. Poultry, alive, higher; fowls, 14½c; springs, 22c; turkeys, 17c.

Cotton.

New York, July 7.—Cotton futures opened steady; July, 12.10c; August, 12.18c; October, 11.42c; November, 11.35c; December, 11.41c; January, 11.35c.

The cotton market opened steady at an advance of 12 points on August, and unchanged to 2 points higher on other months. Liverpool and local trade interests were moderate buyers of August on the call, but there was some continental sellling, while scattering local pressure was promoted by the favorable average of crop and weather news, and the list soon eased off, with prices 2 or 3 points below Thursday's close before the end of the first half hour. The continued conflict in the Balkans and favorable southern situation appeared to be offsetting the firm technical position of the near months.

The market continued quite late in the forenoon, with prices at midday 2 to 3 points under the closing figures of Thursday. Estimated receipts today, 4,000 bales.

Cotton futures closed fairly steady. Closing bids: July, 11.96c; August, 11.98c; September, 11.51c; October, 11.32c; November, 11.25c; December, 11.28c; January, 11.22c; February, 11.24c; March, 11.32c; May, 11.34c.

The market eased off during the early afternoon under scattered southern and Wall street selling, which seemed to be inspired by favorable crop reports and the unsettled influence of the bank failure at Pittsburg. Prices were about 8 to 11 points net lower early in the last hour.

Buffalo Live Stock.

East Buffalo, July 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 3,000; market slow and steady; prime steers, $8.75@9.00; shipping, $8.00@8.65; butchers, $7.00@8.50; cows, $3.75@7.00; bulls, $5.50@7.50; heifers, $6.50@8.00; stock heifers, $5.00@6.25; stockers and feeders, $6.00@7.50; fresh cows and springers steady, $35.00@80.00. Veals—Receipts, 1,100; active; 50c lower; $6.00@11.00. Hogs—Receipts, 10,500; active, 5@15c higher; heavy, $9.40@9.45; mixed, $9.40@9.50; Yorkers and pigs, $9.45@9.50; roughs, $8.00@8.15; stags, $6.50@7.50; dairies, $9.25@9.40. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 2,000; active; yearlings steady; others 15@25c higher; lambs, $5.50@9.15; yearlings, $4.00@7.00; wethers, $5.25@5.50; ewes, $2.50@5.00; sheep, mixed, $5.00@5.25.

Cleveland Live Stock.

Cleveland, July 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 450; good grades, 15c higher, others steady. Veal calves—Receipts, 400; market strong; good to choice, $10.00@10.75. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 1,200; market steady. Hogs—Receipts, 4,500; market 10@15c higher; mediums and Yorkers, $9.30; light Yorkers and pigs, $9.35; roughs, $8.00; stags, $7.25.

Pittsburg Live Stock.

Pittsburg, July 7.—Cattle—Receipts, 2,200; active; choice heavy steers, $8.60@9.00; fat steers, $7.70@8.50; fair steers, $6.15@7.35; choice heifers, $8.10@8.60; choice fat cows, $7.50@7.90; fair cows, $4.10@5.35; butcher bulls, $6.60@7.35; milch cows, $50@90. Hogs—Receipts, 7,500; active; prime heavies, $9.10@9.15; heavy mixed, $9.20@9.25; mediums, $9.40; heavy Yorkers, $9.45; light Yorkers, $9.45@9.50; pigs, $9.45@9.50; roughs, $8.00. Sheep and lambs—Receipts, 7,000; strong; prime wethers, $5.25; choice lambs, $8.25. Calves—Receipts, 1,000; steady; top, $10.50.

Chicago Live Stock.

Chicago, July 7.—Hogs—Receipts, 36,000; strong; bulk of sales, $8.95@9.10; light, $8.85@9.20; mixed, $8.80@9.20; heavy, $8.60@9.15; rough, $8.60@8.80; pigs, $7.15@8.90. Cattle—Receipts, 10,500; firm; higher; beeves, $7.15@9.00; Texas steers, $6.90@8.15; stockers and feeders, $5.75@8.10; cows and heifers, $3.85@8.35; calves, $6.75@9.75. Sheep—Receipts, 16,000; strong, mostly 10c higher; native, $4.10@5.35; yearlings, $5.35@6.70; lambs, native, $6.00@7.85.

MISSOURI WHEAT IS GOOD

Missouri corn and wheat look good, oats poor. C. A. King & Co. say that the July state report makes corn condition 86 against 87 in June and 86 last July when crop was 243,000,000 bushels. Acreage now is 98 per cent of last year, when it was 7,610,000 acres. The stand is the best in the history of the state. Some sections were dry but with sufficient rainfall in the future, this will be offset by the superior stand.

Wheat crop never went into shock in better shape. No abandoned acreage of consequence and no loss from wind or storm; 86 per cent of the crop had been harvested on July 1. Yield per acre is esimated at 16 bushels, against 12.4 year ago an 12.6 final; 2,023,000 acres were seeded and fully 2,000,000 will be harvested, indicating crop of about 32,000,000 bushels. June government guess was 34,700,000 bushels.

Quality is placed at 96, but only 5 per cent had been threshed. Missouri had 22,000,000 in 1912. Oats condition 56 June was 68. Last July 94 when crop 30,000,000 bushels. Timothy hay 50, clover good.

FOLDING BED IS A MENACE

Greely, Colo. July 7.—A foilding bed in which Rev. J. L. Thompson of this city was sleeping folded during the night and the minister had a narrow escape from death. The whole town is laughing and wondering what the preacher said when he battled fiercely to free himself from the malicious bed. As it is he is confined to the other bed (nonfolding) with a badly sprained banck and is suffering from numerous bruises and strains received during the battle with the silent and merciless foe bent upon his destruction. When the bed folded Dr. Thompson was sound asleep. The cover was thrown over his head so that his cries could not be heard. By violent efforts he was able to extricate himself.

BRAVERY SAVES SHIP

Louisiana's Crew Capable When Accident Occurs.

Newport, R. I., July 3.—The bravery of the engine room crew of the battleship Louisiana helped the vessel out of a dangerous predicament yesterday, when a valve bonnet blew off, flooding the starboard engine room. Incidentally, the accident gave Captain Templin M. Potts, who was yesterday dismissed by the naval "plucking board," and retires today, a memorable experience at the close of his service.

The battleship was in Narragansett Bay overhauling her engines. The rush of the sea through the passage opened up by the displacement of the bonnet carried men off their feet and forced them against the machinery, but they stuck to their work.

The pumps began gaining on the water in the room and the battling engine room force was able to cram into the hole a waste can, heavily packed. This was jacked securely and the threatening water was stopped.

When the accident occurred tugs had to be called upon to tow the Louisiana to a position well in shore. So close was the battleship to the beach that it was reported on shore that she had actually been run on the sand.

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After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

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If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail is where I have my greatest success. Send attached coupon today

The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and were cured. It gives instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies.

I send on trial to prove what I say is true. You are the judge and once having seen my illustrated book and read it you will be as enthusiastic as my hundreds of patients whose letters you can also read. Fill out free coupon below and mail today. It's well worth your time whether you try my Appliance or not.

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Please send me by mail in plain wrapper your illustrated book and full information about your Appliance for the cure of rupture.

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WE INVITE
EVERY THIN MAN AND WOMAN HERE
EVERY PERSON IN TOLEDO AND VICINITY TO GET FAT AT OUR EXPENSE

Don't be the "Skeleton at the Feast." Sargol makes Puny, Peevish People Plump and Popular.

This is an invitation that no thin man or woman can afford to ignore. We will tell you why. We are going to give you a wonderful discovery that helps digest the food you eat, that hundreds of letters say puts good solid flesh on people who are thin and underweight.

How can we do this? We will tell you. We have found a wonderful concentrated treatment for increasing cell growth, the very substance of which our bodies are made; for putting in the blood the red corpuscles which every thin man and woman so sadly needs—a scientific assimilative agent to strengthen the nerves and put the digestive tract in such shape that every ounce of flesh making food may give its full amount of nourishment to the blood instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. Users tell of how this treatment has made indigestion and other stomach trouble quickly disappear while old dyspeptics, and many sufferers from weak nerves and lack of vitality declare in effect it has made them feel like a two year old. This new treatment, which has proved such a boon to thin people is called SARGOL. Don't forget the name S-A-R-G-O-L. Nothing so good has ever been discovered before.

Women who never appeared stylish in anything they wore because of their thinness, men underweight or lacking in nerve force or energy have, by their own testimony been able to enjoy the pleasures of life—been fitted to fight life's battles, as never for years, through the use of "Sargol."

If you want a beautiful and well rounded figure of symmetrical proportions of which you can feel justly proud—a body full of throbbing life and energy, write The Sargol Company, 336-G, Herald Building, Binghamton, N. Y., today and we will send you, absolutely free, a 50c box of Sargol to prove all we claim. Take one with every meal and see how quickly these marvelous little concentrated tablets commence their busy, useful work of upbuilding. Many users declare they have increased their weight at the rate of one pound a day.

But you say you want proof? Well, here you are. Here are extracts from the statements of those who have tried—who have been convinced and who will swear to the virtues of this wonderful preparation.

REV. GEORGE W. DAVIS, says:
"I have made a faithful trial of the Sargol treatment and must say it has brought to me new life and vigor. I have gained twenty pounds and now weigh 170 pounds, and, what is better, I have gained the days of my boyhood. It has been the turning point of my life. My health is now fine. I don't have to take any medicine at all and never want to again."

MRS. A. I. RODENHEISER writes:
"I have gained immensely since I took Sargol, for I only weighed about 106 pounds when I began using it and now I weigh 130 pounds, so really this makes twenty-four pounds. I feel stronger and am looking better than ever before, and now I carry rosy cheeks, which is something I could never say before.

"My old friends who have been used to seeing me with a thin, long face, say that I am looking better than they have ever seen me before, and father and mother are so pleased to think I have got to look so well and weigh so heavy 'for me.'"

CLAY JOHNSON says:
"Please send me another ten-day treatment. I am well pleased with Sargol. It has been the light of my life. I am getting back to my proper weight again. When I began to take Sargol I only weighed 138 pounds, and now, four weeks later, I am weighing 153 pounds and feeling fine. I don't have that stupid feeling every morning that I used to have. I feel good all the time. I want to put on about five pounds of flesh and that will be all I want."

F. GAGNON writes:
"Here is my report since taking the Sargol treatment. I am a man 67 years of age and was all run down to the very bottom. I had to quit work, as I was so weak. Now, thanks to Sargol, I look like a new man. I gained 22 pounds with 23 days' treatment. I cannot tell you how happy I feel. All my clothes are getting too tight. My face has a good color and I never was so happy in my life."

MRS. VERNIE ROUSE says:
"Sargol is certainly the grandest treatment I ever used. It has helped me greatly. I could hardly eat anything and was not able to sit up three days out of a week, with stomach trouble. I took only two boxes of Sargol and can eat anything and it don't hurt me and I have no more headache. My weight was 120 pounds and now I weigh 140 and feel better than I have for five years. I am now as fleshy as I want to be, and shall certainly recommend Sargol, for it does just exactly what you say it will do."

You may know some of these people or know somebody who knows them. We will send you their full address if you wish, so that you can find out all about Sargol and the wonders it has wrought.

Probably you are now thinking whether all this can be true. Stop it! Write us at once and we will send you absolutely free a 50c package of these wonderful tablets. No matter what the cause of your thinness is from, give Sargol a chance to make you fat. We are absolutely confident it will put good healthy flesh on you but we don't ask you to take our word for it. Simply cut the coupon below and enclose 10c in stamps to help cover the distribution expenses, and Uncle Sam's mail will bring you what you may some day say was one of the most valuable packages you ever received.

COME, EAT WITH US AT OUR EXPENSE.
This coupon entitles any thin person to one 50c package of Sargol, the concentrated Flesh Builder (provided you have never tried it), and that 10c is inclosed to cover postage, packing, etc. Read our advertisement printed above, and then put 10c in stamps in letter today, with this coupon, and the full 50c package will be sent to you by return of post. Address The Sargol Company, 336-G Herald Bldg., Binghamton, N. Y. Write your name and address plainly, and, PIN THIS COUPON TO YOUR LETTER

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made to your measure, in the latest style, would you be willing to keep and wear it, show it to your friends and let them see our beautiful samples and dashing new styles.

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PITS NEW SOUTH AGAINST THE OLD

Capt. Hobson's Campaign for Senate Against Johnson Is Unique.

Birmingham, Ala., July 3.—Seldom if ever in the history of American politics has there been so unique a campaign for the United States senate as the one just opened up in Alabama between two contestants of national interest, representing wholly opposite periods, traditions, spirits, and theories of government. Contrasts in the ages, temperaments, methods and views of the aspiring candidates suggest a story of human interest as well as unusual incident.

Capt. Joseph F Johnston, who has entered the whilwind campaign to succeed himself in the senate through the next Democratic primary, is pitted against Capt. Richmond Pearson Hobson, now representing the Sixth congressional district of Alabama.

Routs Enemy in Congress.

Both were captains in memorable wars, more than 35 years apart. Both distinguished themselves for courage and heroism in action. Capt. Johnston was daring to recklessness, was four times wounded in battle, once left for dead on the field, and had the rare experience of reading his obituary with high tribute trimmings in print. Capt. Hobson, a generation later, defied death in the memorable explosion of the Merrimac, but miraculously escaped without a scratch and found himself a prisoner in a Spanish fort.

Capt. Johnston typifies the old, Capt. Hobson the new south. The former in ideals, sentiment, views and purposes expresses by word and act the traditions, customs and thought of a former age clinging to th idols of his fathers; the later represents a restless period and atmosphere, new methods, and means of progress and the desire for change to an experimental system of thought and achievement.

Active issues being worked against Capt. Johnston's election which have gained the most serious aspect are statewide prohibition and his vote as a member of the senate Lorimer investigation committee to permit the former Illinois senator to hold his seat. That vote did not set well on the political stomachs of thousands of Alabamans. It still constitutes a distinct ani-Johnson sentiment throughout the state. Newspapers in many of the rural districts attack him for this reason.

Capt. Johnston's opponent has established a strong place in the public ife of the state, while acquiring a national reputation for more or less startling performances in navy life, on the lecture platform and in congress. Scarcely had be become a hero from the Merrimac adventure before his kissing achievements charmed the country. He added to his women adherents by his prohibition stand through a whirlwind lecture tour.

Both Captains in Big Wars.

Capt. Hobson's public record is varied and striking. When he tried to get on the retired list of the navy to enter public life, and gave defective eyesight has his claim. Representative John H. Bankhead, then member of the naval affairs committee, vigorously opposed the action and carried his point.

A wealthy personal friend of Hobson's who was looking for a chance to show his appreciation of a kindness from the young naval constructor's father, wrote him:

"Turn the tables on him, Dick; get out and beat him for congress. I'll back you to the limit; go after the old man."

"Dick" did it. Resigning from the navy he entered the race for congress from the Sixth district against Bankhead, a veteran campaigner and astute politician. Like Capt. Johnston he was of a different period, school, and spirit and old enough to be his father. He had been in congress many years, and an officeholder 40 or more. Del spite his powerful family influences—Confederate record with four bullet marks—and long service, young Hobson gave him a run for his money and came near defeating him in the primary of 1906.

Two years later the fight was renewed with bitterness. Hobson swept the district.

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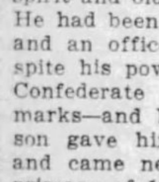

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BULGARS GIVE SERVIA BEATING

Eleven Thousand Reported Killed in Terrific Fighting in Balkans.

Vienna, Austria, July 7.—Eleven thousand officers and men of the Servian Timok division were killed during the battle with the Bulgarians, in which the division was defeated, according to the Sofia correspondent.

The division consisted of 15,000 men who were surrounded by a Bulgarian army which had outflanked them. Only 4,000 of the Servians survived and these were taken prisoners.

According to other newspaper men a Bulgarian column of 14,000 men has succeeded in reaching the Servian town of Vranya and is threatening the line of retreat of the Servian army.

Light on Situation.

London, July 7.—After 10 days of fighting, more severe and deadly in character than anything in the last Balkan war, a little light begins to break upon the hitherto obscure operations.

In the first place, the Servians have lost more men than in the whole previous campaign, and semi-official statements issued at Belgrade have the appearance of an intention to prepare the public for news of a disaster.

Desperate fighting with fluctuating fortunes, is proceeding along the Vardar and Bregalinitza Rivers.

Important news has been received of the Bulgarian invasion of Servia through Belogradechyk, about forty-five miles northeast of Nish, Servia's most important fortified town.

Both Lose Heavily.

No indication is given of the strength of the Bulgarian column at this point, but the Bulgarians claim to have defeated the Servians and captured five guns and a quantity of other war material, and, by the occupation of the passes, to have opened the road to Nish.

There is heavy fighting also between the Servians and Bulgarians to the south of Istip. About 200,000 men are engaged and the losses on both sides appear to be terrible.

Bulgaria's strategy appears to be to hold the Greeks in check, probably with comparatively small forces, while she deals with Servia. This assumption, if correct, would explain the victorious advance of the Greek army.

Unconfirmed reports credit the Bulgarians with victories near Koprili, giving them the key to Uskub, and with an outflanking movement from the south of Tahynose Lake, which would cut off the Greek retreat.

Saloniki dispatches continue to report Greek victories. The Greeks are said to have captured 16 guns at Dorian. Evidence of desperate fighting is found in the arrival of 8,000 wounded at Saloniki, taxing the town accommodations and resources to the utmost.

A conservative estimate of the killed or disabled in last week's fighting fixes the number at from 30,000 to 40,000. Thousands of destitute refugees from the scene of fighting are pouring into Saloniki.

The Greeks have made wholesale charges against the Bulgarians of burning and pillaging all the villages they abandon, and of committing murders, mutilations and other horrors. More than 4,000 refugees are concentrated at Nigrita and adjacent villages.

A dispatch from Sofia to the Central News says official messages received from the front report the occupation of Nigrita to the west of Lake Tahynos by the Bulgation troops who have also captured other important strategical positions from the Greeks. General Ivanoff, commander of the Bulgarians, by a surprise attack dispersed a large part of the Greek army numbering 80,000 men, under the personal command of King Constantine.

NO COMPROMISE DECLARES STRAUS

New Yorker Tells Progressives New Party Cannot Deal With Old.

Newport, R. I., July 3.—No compromise with the older parties, but a straight Progressive program predicated upon social justice favoring neither capital nor labor, was the keynote of an address made at the Progressive conference today by Oscar S. Straus.

Mr. Straus, who was the candidate for governor of New York on the Progressive ticket last fall, said that a great injustice had been done and a damaging precedent established when President Wilson signed the sundry civil bill, making it impossible for any part of the appropriation for the enforcement of the Sherman anti-trust act to be used in the prosecution of farmers or labor unions.

"Mr. Fairbanks, former vice president, recently voiced the sentiment of a number of well-intentioned Republicans when he called upon the Republicans and Progressives to forget past differences and return to the fold," said Mr. Straus. "Those who believe or hope that the reactionary Republicans and Progressives can ever be merged misunderstand the true meaning and significance of Progressiveism.

"The Progressive plan and purpose is predicated upon social justice and it is dedicated to redress such of the evils as can be corrected by legislation and it will not compromise its mission, nor will it suffer the fetishes to which both of the old parties are chained to interfere with its mission.

"Any law which lessens the power of the government in favor of capital as against labor, or in favor of labor as against capital, is unjnst to both, and when discrimination is made in favor of the one, it will not be long before this will be used as a precedent for discrimination against the other."

On the bank of a small river in Ireland is a stone bearing the following inscription: "When this stone is out of sight it is not safe to ford the river." But this is surpassed by the famous post erected some years ago by the surveyors of an English road. It reads: "This is the bridle path to Faversham; if you can't read this, you had better keep to the main road."

THAW AIDS GENERAL SICKLES

Sends $1,000 to Help Him Out of Debt.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 3.—Harry K. Thaw has come to the financial rescue of Gen. Daniel E Sickles, from his cell in Mattewan. He sent a letter to Chairman Schoonmaker, of the Pennsylvania commission having charge of the celebration of the 50th anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, in which $1,000 in cash was enclosed. In the letter Thaw wrote that he felt the deepest sympathy for Gen. Sickles because of the misfortune that had come to him in his old age. The writer declared he had two uncles in the Union army and a near relative in the southern army. These circumstances, he wrote, prompted him to offer a fund for the payment of debts of the officer who in his old age has been bowed by financial misfortune.

Unveil Memorial at Fort Recovery

ERECTED TO MEMORY OF INDIAN FIGHTERS.

Fort Recovery, July 1.—Commemorating the defeat of General Arthur St. Clair in 1791 and the sweeping victory by which General Anthony Wayne three years later retrieved the earlier losses of American troops to the British and Indians, a magnificent monument was dedicated here this afternoon. A large crowd from all over northwestern Ohio is in attendance.

Miss Belle Noble Dean, of Indianapolis, regent of Caroline Scott Harrison Chapter, Daughters of American Revolution and a direct descendant of General St. Clair, will pull the cord unveiling the shaft at the exercises this afternoon. The principal speakers are General J. Warren Keifer and former Congressman William E. Jouvelle, of Ohio, through whose efforts the appropriation was secured.

The monument is a beautiful granite shaft 101 feet high and cost $25,000, the mone being appropriated b congress. At the base on the side of the setting sun, is a statue of a frontiersman nine feet high. The monument is located on the site of the old fort, which was blown down a number of years ago and directly over the burial spot of the heroes who were killed and massacred on November 4, 1791.

EARL PAYS GIRL QUARTER MILLION

Actress Takes Big Fortune in Settlement of Heart Balm Suit.

London, July 2.—Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and all the costs of the suit is the price the Marquis of Northampton has agreed to pay to settle the suit for breach of promise brought against him by the actress, Daisy Markham, whose real name is Violet Moss. The costs will amount to a considerable sum on account of the number of distinguished counsel engaged to plead for the opposing parties.

The marquis, better known as Earl Compton, only recently succeeded to the title at the age of 27. The plaintiff is well known both in America and the ritish Isles under her stage name.

The settlement was announced when the case was called in the high court of justice this morning in a court room crowded with fashionable women and actresses who had come in anticipation of listening to some interesting evidence. Sir Edward Carson, a former general, and Edward G. Hemmerde, recorder of Liverpool and member of parliament, with two junior barristers, appeared in behalf of Miss Markham, who sued in her real name of Miss Moss. On the other side for the marquis were Henry E. Duke, a Unionist member of parliament; Frederick E. Smith, one of the Unionist leaders, and Raymond Asquith, a son of the premier.

Cost of Suit Is a Fortune.

The engagement of all this legal talent makes the cost of the suit amount into tens of thousands of dollars.

The young Marquis had previously offered $50,000 to settle the case.

When Miss Markham insisted on proceeding with the suit, London gossips anticipated that she had a sensational story to tell and interest in the suit rose accordingly.

The damages paid today are the heaviest for many years in a breach of promise suit.

As soon as the preliminaries had been completed, Sir Edward Carson informed the court that a settlement had been reached after consultation between counsel.

OHIO CROP REPORTS GOOD

Wheat Shows 94 and Corn 95 Per Cent.

Columbus, July 8.—According to the July crop report issued by the department of agriculture today the condition of growing wheat is 94 per cent of a full crop. The damage from joint worm, according to the report, is only four per cent.

Previous reports from agricultural experts were to the effect that the wheat crop was about 50 per cent. The report of the state agricultural bureau is based on data gathered by 928 farmers who are said to have been in touch with the situation.

The corn acreage is 3,044,078, 95 per cent of last year's crop, and the growing condition is said to be 95 per cent.

The potato acreage is 97,500, 94 per cent of last year, and the condition is given as 86 per cent.

The report also shows barley, prospect, 89 per cent; rye, 91 per cent; oats, 81 per cent, and timothy prospect 76 per cent.

BOY PLAYS WITH TORPEDOS

Battle Creek, Mich., July 8.—Playing with a railroad torpedo which he picked up in a car track in front of his home, 7-year-old Joseph G. Watkins was probably fatally injured here when he attempted to open the thing with a hammer.

The boy's left leg and side are lacerated and he will probably die.

FOUR DIE IN RIOTS

Death Follows When Miners Raid Johannesburg.

Johannesburg, July 5.—Bloody riots connected with the general strike of the gold miners on the Rand which caused the death of four civilians and the wounding of 50 others in a fight yesterday between the strikers and the troops continued throughout the night.

At midnight a mob looted a gunsmith's store and firing became general. Squads of cavalry with drawn swords patrolled all the streets, frequently charging and scattering groups of rioters who constantly collected again to loot the stores and to destroy the electric lamps, the light from which helped the troops to discover the disturbers whereabouts.

Firing was incessant for hours after midnight in the riot area and many further casualties occurred, but it was impossible to obtain accurate details.

There were repeated cavalry charges and fusillades accompanied by the crashing of windows, shouting and wild confusion and the rushing hither and thither of excited crowds. All this took place in virtual darkness, during which the constant flitting to and fro of ambulances and Red Cross attendants created the impression that very serious incidents were occuring. It was easily possible, therefore, under the circumstances to exaggerate the number of casualties and the damage done.

The police and troops showed great restraint throughout the afafir.

Twenty years ago there were about 9,000,000 telephone stations in New York, served by seven central offices in Manhattan and one in the Bronx, and the rate charged subscribers was $240 per annum. At present there are in Manhattan and the Bronx alone more than 350,000 stations.

New President of a Great University

DR. JOHN C. BRANNER

Palo, Alto, Cal., July 3.—Dr. John Casper Branner is the new president of Leland Stanford, Jr., University succeeding David Starr Jordan, who retires to devote his life to universal peace.

Dr. Branner has been with the university for 21 years, 13 of which he was professor of geology. Stanford is now one of the big universities of the country, and Dr. Branner will hold an important post in the educational field of the country.

CLOSES UP FAMOUS CASE

Illinois Pays Back Some Money to C. W. Spaulding.

Springfield, Ill., July 3.—The final chapter in the famous Spaulding case was written today when the state of Illinois paid Charles W. Spaulding, former treasurer of the University of Illinois, $10,000 and deeded to him 320 acres of Idaho land.

This was a part of the land turned over to the state by Spaulding, together with several thousand dollars in stocks and bonds, following his conviction on the charge of embezzlement of $276,000 of the University funds.

ELLEN TERRY DENIES RUMOR

London, July 7.—Miss Ellen Terry and her husabnd, James Carew, who formerly was her leading man, deny that they have separated. In response to a message inquiring as to the truth of the report that a formal separation had been arranged, the following telegram was received tonight: "Absurd. Common report is a common liar. This is the first we have heard of it.
"Ellen and James Carew."

MARSHALL GIVES LOBBY DEFENSE

Vice President Says It Is Natural That Money Should Be Used.

Philadelphia, July 7.—Vice President Marshall in an interview here yesterday declared that in his belief the American business man is justified in maintaining special paid representatives at Washington for the purpose of watching legislation.

He also asserted the American business men should forget congress for the next 10 years. He said that in this he had the same idea as James J. Hill, who said recently that the best thing for American business would be to abolish congress for 10 years.

The lobby investigation is being conducted by a committee of the senate of which the vice president is the presiding officer. Despite this, he says:

"As American business is being run at present the business man is bound to spend money and to have a representative near the capitol. I am not saying whether this money is spent honestly."

But he stated there is such a thing as legitimate expenditure of money for lobbying.

"When business is in a state of mind where it regards congress as the creature that opens and closes its doors every day," he continued, "you are going to have money spent around the capitol. The big business men are going to have their representatives in Washington.

"I think the great principle of the present lobby investigation by the senate committee is to clear the air and prove that it is not necessary to depend on congress for business prosperity.

"I am not commenting upon any men involved in the probe. It would not be fitting. But I will say that the spending of money about the capitol by the men who stand for business is only the natural outgrowth of the business man's attitude. It is to be expected that business men will spend big sums when they think their interests are so closely wrapped up in legislation. These sums may be spent properly and they may not. The principle is that they are bound to be spent and that is a part of the business system as conducted under the present ideas of the American business man that they be spent.

"The American business man ought to forget the lawmakers. He does not need to depend on this law or that. It only hurts him as a successful producer.

"The lobby will end naturally when the business man stands on his own feet and is ready to give and take with the whole world.

"There is no need for alarm in regard to our business. Markets being opened in South and Central America will give us enough trade to keep every factory in this country running 24 hours a day, six days in the week.

"The lobby investigation and the new tariff are simply going to force the American business man to show what he can really do and to get rid of the idea that his business depends on congress. I do not think we shall ever have free trade. My idea is that we shall reach the level of the Walker tariff, in force before the civil war, in which the duties were on a basis of 20 per cent ad valorem. This much tariff is necessary for revenue."

The oldest citizen of Illinois, Dr. James Lynn, of Oconce, 10 miles south of Lynn, recently entertained 108 guests, including relatives and friends, in celebration of his 108th anniversary.

NATION WARNED BY WATTERSON

Great Editor at Put-in-Bay Calls for Reason in Reform

Put-in Bay, July 5.—Henry Watterson, vice president general of the Interstate Perry Centenary Commission, was the principal speaker at the Perry celebration here Friday. Colonel Watterson announced that this was the last public address he intended to make. In the course of his address, the speaker took occasion to dwell upon what he declared to be "a peril menacing the future of the Republic." He said inpart:

"We are told, and most of us believe, that those are best governed who are least governed. Yet we have one big congress in the nation's capital, and 48 little congresses in the several state capitals, constantly in session, to make and unmake laws to vex the people and confuse the courts. Inevitably respect for law is lowered, and here, as elsewhere, familiarity breeds contempt.

Call for More.

"The danger is admitted. Clearly seeing the evils of too much legislation, we call for more. Through chance majorities, stable in nothing, we would regulate the tastes, morals and habits of the people by Act of Assembly. Perennially reproaching congress, we would nevertheless augment the powers of congress. We are creating a system of centralized bureaucracy and supplementing the civil service with multifarious commissions. We have a standing army of officials. Collectivism, robbing man of his individuality, trusts nothing to the force of nature, the genius of our institutions and the providence of God.

"Yet we disdain alike experience and forecast. We are threatened with government by hysteria, displaying its excess on the one hand by the vainglorious assertion of our grandeur and puissance, on the other hand expressing its humanity through the exploitation of visionary schemes of impossible relief.

Reform By Reason.

"Do I overpaint the picture? Is it but the mocking effigy of an old man's pessimism? Let us not be too sure of ourselves. If we preserve that which Washington and Franklin and Jefferson contemplated; that which Jones and Perry, Harrison and Shelby fought for; that which each side in the war of sections claimed it aimed at—intelligent freedom—we shall have done well.

"We have not been so well governed that we may not be better governed. But I would summon reform through reason, not by spasm; and so, despite the impatient and unthinking, I look for them to come in their own good time and order; because I have faith in that people who seem chosen of God; in that fabric which seems ordained of God; in the destiny of that land under the blessing of God, who in its darkest hour raisd up Washington to defend and Lincoln to save it for His own allwise purpose and will never suffer the empiric or the sacrilegious to undo the work of his hand.

DOUBTS NAVAL POLICY HERE

German Officer Says America's Fleet Will Soon Rank Fourth.

Berlin, July 3.—Naval Capt. Persius, retired, one of the ablest writers on marine topics in Germany, is filled with doubt as to the naval policy of the United State, and while recognizing the earnest desire of President Wilson and the secretary of state for peace, wonders whether they are not tempting fate.

In a thoughtful article in the Tageblatt Capt. Persius considers the development of the American fleet. He points out that two years ago it occupied second place in the navies of the world. Today it is third, and will be fourth next year, ranking at that time below that of France. Capt Persius asks:

"Does the union feel so confident? Does it not see any danger of war anywhere?

Canal Will Not Double Fleet.

The theory that the Panama Canal will double the American fleet is untenable, quite apart from the fact that the multiplication of a weak fleet by two does not make it a strong fleet. It must be admitted that Japan, as a result of the strong ebb in her treasury, is compelled to rest on the laurels of her last war, but while this is a gratifying condition it will not last always. Is the United States sure that it will not be possible for a Japanese fleet to operate on the California coast and that it will never be possible for a foreign power to set a foot on American soil?

Too Dependent on England.

"Is the United States prepared in certain conditions?" says Capt. Persius, "to surrender the Philippines and Hawaii without a struggle? Is the United State depending on Great Britain to check the extension of Japanese power in the Pacific, especially towards the south, in order to prevent the further stirring up of Australia.

"The union," continues Capt. Persius, "looks eastward without the slightest uneasiness so long as a British fleet is stationed in the North Sea, and asks itself who could become a menace. Are all these considerations the reason for the present stagnation in naval building in the United States or is it only because the best policy has been influenced successfully by the Democratic peace advocates."

SEEKS DIVORCE FROM PRINCE

Rome, July 7.—Princess Di San Faustino, formerly Miss Campbell, of New York, is reported to have begun proceedings for a divorce. The prince and princess have been separated for some time. There was some family trouble a few months ago when it was reported that the princess threw a lamp at a maid who stabbed her. It was even rumored that the maid had died of her injuries.

CLASSIFIED OPPORTUNITIES

These advertisements are full of interest to everybody. Over a million people see these columns every week. Read them carefully and write at once to every advertiser whose proposition appeals to you.

RATE—60 cents per agate line (count seven words to a line.) Cash with order. No advertisement accepted for less than two lines or more than forty-two lines. Forms close Tuesday morning preceding the date of issue.

BUSINESS CHANCES.

Why not double your income? There's no reason why you can't. Big Money. Spare Time. SILVERING MIRRORS. Great demand in every city. Full instructions for $2.00. Mirror Silvering Works, Box 274, Glens Falls, N. Y.

We want to start you in business; spare time, at home; most ingenious household necessity ever invented; free particulars. Collette Mfg. Co., box 31, Amsterdam, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED.

Ladies make shields at home. $10 per 100. Work sent prepaid to reliable women. Particulars for stamped addressed envelope. Eureka Co., Dept. 23, Kalamazoo, Mich.

$10 per 50 at home embroidering corner ladies' handkerchiefs. Spare time or steady. Send 25c for package samples, lessons, advice. Any distance, postpaid. Arabian Supply Co., Dept. 55, Cleveland, Ohio.

HELP WANTED.

WANTED—Men over 18 as government railway mail clerks and city mail carriers; commence $65 to $75 month. Write immediately for free list of positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. P-31, Rochester, N. Y.

FORTUNES in successful songs; I've paid thousands in royalties. Send your poems or melodies to me for acceptance. I'll publish under 50 per cent royalty contract. I composed "Wedding of the Winds" Waltzes. Million copies sold. Dozens of "Hits." Est. 16 years. Free booklet. John T Hall, 107 Columbus Circle, N. Y. C.

PERSONAL.

Nothing equals Wilson's Tablets. Makes pale, thin, weak people plump; postpaid $1.00. E. J. Wilson Co., Woodside, New York City.

MALE HELP WANTED.

$10 per 100 upward paid tacking signs, distributing booklets, samples, etc. Send 6c stamp for price list paid, secure territory. E. Shard, Lebanon, N. H.

AGENTS.

Hundreds make $50-$75 weekly selling guaranteed Hosiery for largest manufacturer in America. Why not you? Complete outfit free. Write quick to our city office. Madison Hosiery Mills, 486 Broadway, New York city.

Agents—An exceptional opportunity earn $3,000 a year and upward; something no one else sells; send postal today for full particulars. A. S. Shuh, sales manager, 1 Sycamore St., Cincinnati, O.

FOR SALE—FARMS.

160 acre Dairy Farm, $20 per acre; part cash; 75 acre crop; some alfalfa; enclose stamped reply envelope. GILBERT ROEHR, R. 6, Enid, Okla.

FARMS WANTED

Farms Wanted—We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property free. American Investment Association, 96 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Do you take ivy poison? Send 25c for prescription, and I will guarantee a cure or refund your money. Costs 10c at druggists. Easy to apply; doesn't burn. Will cure in a few hours. Box D-23, Fort Hunter, Pa.

50,000 REMEMBER PERRY'S VICTORY

Put-in Bay Holds Greatest Gathering in Its History at Cornerstone Laying.

Put-in Bay, July 5.—What is considered to have been the largest number of visitors ever assembled in Put-in Bay for a half-haliday attended the ceremony incidental to placing of the cornerstone for the $1,000,000 Perry Memorial here, yesterday afternoon. It is estimated that more than 40,000 came by boat between 10 a. m. and 1 p. m. Several thousand arrived on July 3 and remained until the Fourth. Cleveland furnished the largest representation. Between 5,000 and 6,000 Masons, in uniform, came from the Forest City. All available boats plying between that city and Put-in Bay were chartered by the fraternal order. Several hundred came from Cincinnati, and Toledo, Detroit and Sandusky furnished their full quotas.

Fine Boats Assembled.

Never before had Put-in Bay been honored by so important or picturesque an assembly of notable lake craft. The U. S. training ships Morrel and Essex, brought parties of the most distinguished guests. Commodore Worthington's yacht, Priscilla, was headquarters for various state representatives, state officials and notable participants in the celebration. W. R. Huntington's yacht, Thelma, of Sandusky, and numerous other and similar crafts, all elaborately adorned with strands of pennants and lights, were anchored in the harbor.

The program of the day, opened by firing of 100 guns in salute, at sunrise, and embracing memorial exercises during which graves of Battle of Lake Erie victims were adorned with flowers by school children, placing on the Perry memorial cornerstone and transfer of the memorial site to the Perry commission, was concluded in a splendid banquet served in Hotel Commodore at :30 p. m. Three hundred and forty men were seated at the tables. The banquet hall was elaborately decorated in American flags and streamers in the national colors. The tables were garnished with smilax, ferns and cut flowers. An elaborate menu was served. Addresses of patriotic tenor were made by 14 notables. The most significant and most discussed address of the day was given by Colonel Henry A. Watterson, of Kentucky, who spoke of fallacies which are menacing the nation. Colonel Watterson announced the address was the last public speech he will give.

Col. Watterson Speaks.

He declared the United States is threatened with government by hysteria. He said we have too large a standing army of officials. There is too much legislation; too much making of new laws that create contempt of people and confuse the courts.

MICHIGAN WHEAT POOR

Reports Indicate Only 14.63 Bushels to Acre.

Lansing Mich. July 8.—According to the monthly crop report issued by Secretary of State Martindale this year's yield of wheat in Michigan will be the smallest in years.

The various crop correspondents, who gather statistics for the state department have sent in discouraging reports relative to the wheat crop. It is estimated that the average yield per acre in the state will not exceed 14.63 bushels. The average estimated yield of rye is 13.81 bushels per acre.

The condition of corn is placed at 87; potatoes, 88; sugar beets, 90 and clover, 77. The following table of percentage gives the averages in regard to fruit in the state: Apples, 58; peaches, 53; pears, 52; plums, 56; grapes, 66, and raspberries and raspberries and blackberries, 76.

The estimated acreage of the principal farm crops grown in Michigan for 1913 follow: Wheat, 770,586; rye, 380,491; corn, 1,696,556; cats, 1,150,596; barley, 82,955; buckwheat, 61,702; beans, 424,230; peas, 64,086; potatoes, 355,586; sugar beets, 78,781; hay and forage, 2,236,784; apples, 24,035; pears, 9,092; peaches, 23,254; plums, 3,720; cherries, 7,601; strawberries, 8,434; raspberries, 9,086.

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FOR A JEWISH UNIVERSITY

Zionists to Discuss Plan for Institution in Jerusalem.

Berlin, July 3.—At the meeting of the General Executive of the international Zionist organization, held last week in Berlin, it was decided that one of the principal questions to be discussed at the forthcoming Zionist Congress in Vienna should be the advisability of erecting a Jewish university in Jerusalem.

It was recognized that the realization of such a project, in view of present conditions in Palestine, is somewhat premature, but it was declared that the obstacles placed in the way of Russian Jewish students desirous of entering the universities of their native country or of Germany were likely to make the adoption of such a plan a necessity before very long.

In the course of the proceedings a telegram was received from New York announcing that Nahum Sokolow, a member of the Central Executive, had been received in Washington by Secretary of State Bryan, who assured him of his cordial sympathy with the aspirations of the Zionist movement and promised his friendly offices with the American Government in endeavors for their fulfillment.

MAN AND WIFE SHOT DEAD

Parisian Couple Fight Duel to Death With Revolvers.

Paris July 7.—Husband and wife exchanged revolver shots, with results fatal to both in the Rue du Gouche late last night, when H. Grisel, glass blower, called on his wife, who had left him and was living in her parents' flat.

He went into her bedroom. Suddenly shots rang out. The door was burst open almost immediately, and Mme Grisel fell forward into the passage dead. The door was shut and relocked.

The police came, and entering the room, found M. Grisel dying. On the floor were two revolvers. Mme Grisel had fired two shots, her husband one. His shot had inflicted a fatal wound in the neck, but before she fell a bullet from her weapon struck her husband, entering his heart.

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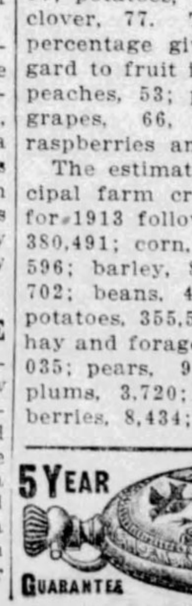

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